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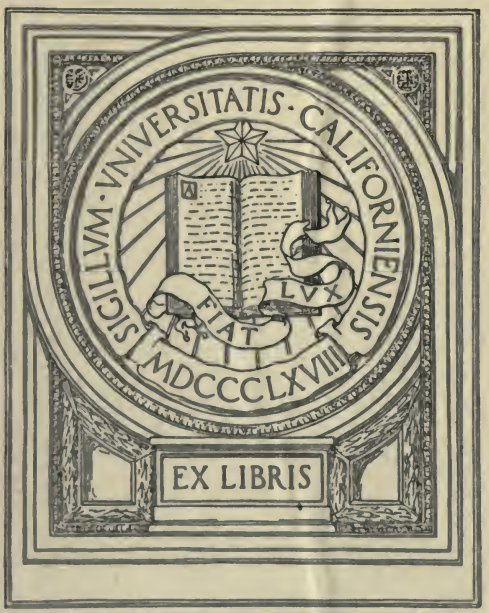
MANY MOODS and MANY MINDS

LOUIS JAMES BLOCK

IN MEMORIAM
GEORGE HOLMES HOWISON



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Prof George H Howison

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Chicago Oct 6 1896

MANY MOODS AND MANY MINDS

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MANY MOODS AND MANY MINDS

A BOOK OF POEMS

By LOUIS JAMES BLOCK

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PRELUDE

Suave spirits of the dim sweet days departed,
    Dreams that made glad the luminous past,
I see you rise before me fervour-hearted,
    And know you as you are at last;
The hopes that heard the earlier praise,
The light that filled the fleet-foot days,
    Waken and shine once more within me,
    And the clear splendours once more win me.

Desires and joys, elusive apparitions,
    Wing towards me in swift musical flight,
And do not chide me for the vain omissions
    That dusked their heyday into night;
The forms and flames of vanished songs
Fleet round me in alluring throngs,
    The magic of the insights gifted
    With power to see Time's vapours lifted.

So my rapt conscience can at length discover
    Your purpose to attend the sun,
And call you back from deepening glooms that hover
    On the sheer brink of the foredone;

Forth then from realms of night and sleep,
Whether it be to smile or to weep,
Break the eclipse that has held and bound you,
Breathe once again, light is around you.

There where the mighty morning star resplendent
Sings in the ever brightening sky,
There where man's hope has victory for attendant,
There where the day grows white on high,
Make your obedient voices blend
With the chorus that shall know not end,
Lost in the great and golden glory
Which is the World's triumphant story.

MANY MOODS AND MANY MINDS

THE CELESTIAL MAIDEN

Clearest of singers that our land has borne,
If I have ventured in the realm where you
Are master of the rainfall and the dew,
The night's white stars and colours of the morn,
Grasses and blooms the sky-stretched plains have worn,
Sorrows and joys the forest-tracker knew,
And all the messages the four winds blew,
And simpler man's vast hopes, and mighty scorn; —

If I have ventured underneath those boughs
Which your warm breath will keep alive forever,
And sing again one song that I heard there,
Surely through spirit space that this allows,
Your unaverted soul will hear, — and never
To any man came a reward more fair.

Lonely in the glimmering twilight,
By the slowly dying fireside,
Holding in his palms his forehead,
Sat young Waupee in his woe.

All about the trees of autumn
Lifted up their leafless branches,
And the winds went dully moaning
Round the solitary lodge.

Far away from friends and kindred,
Merry sounds of children's voices,
Cheerful singing of the maidens,
And the games of rugged braves,

Deep within the trackless forest,
Where the wild deer stalked unhunted,
And the loud birds woke the echoes,
Waupee had decreed to dwell.

Grim and grievous were the visions,
Passing on his mind's wide prairie,
Shadows of the toils before him,
Pictures of the tasks undone.

Yet across his night of sorrow
Stole one star of softest lustre,
Beamed as does the star of evening,
Clear and gracious, full of hope.

Six long moons had gone in silence,
Since young Waupee, strong in battle,
Best and bravest of the bravest,
Had abandoned all he loved.

One deep night as he was straying,
Breathing in the airs of Maytime,
Through the prairie's green expansion,
On his soul there came a dream.

Not a murmur broke the stillness
Save the rustling of the grasses,
Far on high the stars smiled faintly,
Tender moonbeams kissed the clouds.

Subtle bursts of unknown joyance
Stirred the limbs of brooding Waupee,
Thrills of some strange expectation,
Change divine to all his life.

Lately had the thirst of battle,
Fierce delight of war and conquest,
Thunderous music of the war-cries,
Wakened horror in his soul.

Also had the smiles of maidens,
Lighting up their dusky faces,
Bursting moonwise from their eyelids,
Cloud-like veils of eyes' sweet fire,

Purest tones of their low voices,
Lithe, quick ways in sport and dancing,
And the pathos of their weeping
Seemed dissevered from his life.

On his heart had risen a longing,
To his thought had come a splendour,
Strange devotedness and holy,
Omen clear and beautiful.

Hence he loved the midnight prairies,
Searched the forest's dark recesses,
Climbed the lofty mountain-summits
Where the winds blew fresh and cold.

Though the braves with rudest clamour
Had disturbed his meditations,
Scorned his womanish demeanour,
Laughed to note his pallid face,

Yet while frolic winsome Maytime
Clad with leaves the waking woodland,
Bade the birds begin their carols,
Loosened streams to shine and flow,

Through the long night wandered Waupee,
While the growing grasses rustled,
Underneath the lovely starshine
Dancing round the moon's thin curve.

On his thought's dark wind-swept ocean
Suddenly there shone a mighty
Radiance of a heavenly glory
Silvering all its waves to rest.

Lo! his eyes' rapt gaze turned upward
Where a clear star beamed and glittered
Softly as if tears of pity
Veiled its lustre white and pure.

Forth he stretched his arms in anguish
Unto answering god or goddess,
Prayed for succour and for guidance,
For the passing of his pain.

Can his burning eyes deceive him?
Or his leaping heart speak falsely?
Can the thrill that shakes his body
Hold no message high and sweet?

Nay, he finds the star descending,
Nay, he sees its burnished lustre
Fill the wood with gradual brightness,
And his soul with sudden hope.

Nearer comes the star and nearer;
Hark! a voice uplifts sweet singing
From its heart of mist-like lucence
Fraught with noble joy of peace.

In a cloud of silver brightness
He beholds a wondrous vision
That with mystical enchantment
Calms the tumult of his breast.

In a chariot of pale moonbeams
Drawn by tall deer, lightning-wingèd,
Pawing into foamy radiance
All the dream-floor where they stood,

Sat a maiden whose divineness
Shook his soul with nameless longings,
Woke to life from deepest slumber
Hopes that long ago seemed dead;

As though all his aspirations,
All his passionate conscious strivings,
All the spirit's upward climbings,
All the heart's strange inmost life,

Had put on sweet form and body,
And appeared in living brightness,
Answer to his patient seeking,
Beauty noble, perfect, clear.

As across the reach of marshes
Flits the faintly flickering fen-fire
Like a restless bird in springtime,
Making brief pause here and there,

So the cloud of brilliance wavered,
Touched the low transfigured grasses,
Veered awhile in curves capricious,
Came to rest where Waupee sat.

Silent was the voice whose singing
Had fulfilled the listening night-time
With the strange and mystic music,
Voicings of high prophecies.

Slowly then the maid descended,
Stood before the trancèd Waupee,
Gazed with eyes of love and pity
Downward on his lifted face.

Tall her body was and stately,
And her spirit through its vestment
Bursting in soft light purpureal
Girt her with an aureole.

From her forehead silver feathers
Swept her hair of dusky glory
As though light should cast a shadow
In the midst of lighter light.

To her knees her gleaming kirtle
Fell in folds of molten sapphire;
Leggings of the palest amber
Shone above her moccasins.

Waupee gazed in rapt amazement
On the gently smiling maiden;
All the storm of his emotions
Burst in one long, heavy sigh.

Knowledge, heavenly, sure, and blissful,
Touched his soul with revelation;
Search had reached its noble ending,
Quest had gained its farthest goal.

Forth he stretched involuntary
Arms of long expectant passion
Toward her as she stood before him;
Silent yet were those fair lips.

Then her smile's illumination
Lit her face with tender yearning;
Low in tones of mystic music
Came her words unto his ear:

As though his own soul had spoken,
And his truest thought had murmured
In a solitude mysterious
All the secrets of his life.

"Not in vain, O noble Waupee,
Are thy cries and aspirations,
Cries unto the Mighty Spirit,
Cries for guidance, cries for rest.

"He has heard thee in the night-time,
Calling on him from the darkness,
He has heard thy sad complainings,
And has sent me unto thee.

"In the land of the Eternal,
In the region of the Spirit,
I have seen thee and have loved thee,
I am come to bring thee peace.

"Therefore listen to my sayings;
Not yet ended is thy labour,
Nor completed the endeavour
Whereunto thine hand is set.

"Thou must go unto thy fellows
And subdue the bitter war cries,
Thou must mould their cruel rudeness
Into nobler forms of life.

"Thou must help the groaning women
And uplift the weeping children,
Thou must turn to peaceful toiling
All the energies of war.

"I will ever be beside thee;
When the distant village slumbers
I will come and sing before thee
Melodies of realms divine.

"When the long, long toil is over
I will bear thee in my chariot,
O my loved one, O my husband,
Upward, homeward, far with me."

Ah, one rapturous, holiest instant,
Waupee held her to his bosom,
Pressed upon her lips his kisses;
Then she gently freed herself,

Slowly stept into her chariot,
Smiled upon him as he watched her,
Pointed to the distant village,
Floated upward to the stars.

Waupee knew the cloud receding,
Saw it gain its lofty station,
Then distraught with joy and passion,
Swooning fell upon the ground.

When he woke from his deep slumber,
Found his mind and hope returning,
Down he tore the lonely wigwam,
Wildly fared upon his way;

One last moment turned to westward,
Gazed upon the silver splendid
Shining of his loved one's mansion,
Poured a deep-voiced prayer to her.

Far into the mighty forest
Sped his swift unconscious footsteps,
Driven by a force of feeling
Past resistance, past his will.

Wondrous movements thrilled him wildly,
Storms swept through his inmost soul-deeps,
Higher potencies and nobler
Warred upon the things of old.

Where the warriors came least often,
And the wilderness had hearkened
Scarce one sound of human voices,
Waupee lived the conflict through.

Sometimes in the awful struggle
Mad despair sat near and whispered
Hopeless words and mockings subtle
While his very heart stood still.

Lo! when night came, calm and solemn,
Shone his silver star to westward,
Songs divine and sweet with solace
Brought his soul to rest and peace.

Thus the moons sped on and vanished,
And the morns passed into evenings,
Summer fled with flower and leafage,
Autumn waned with flame and fruit.

Cheerless were the chilly evenings,
Leafless were the trees and barren,
All the winds went sadly moaning
Round the solitary lodge.

Lonely in the glimmering twilight,
By the slowly dying fireside,
Holding in his palms his forehead
Sat young Waupee in his woe.

Had he been abandoned, thwarted,
Did she find him weak, unworthy,
Was the toil too sharp and mighty,
Being left for later days?

Nay, like sunshine on the waters
Waking them to joy and splendour,
Filling ripples with swift glory,
Came decision on his soul.

Fled the phantoms and the darkness,
Passed the conflict and the sorrow,
Truth descended and possessed him,
Held him for a child and heir.

Never more should doubt and trembling
Seize him in their angry clutches,
Tear his thought into confusion,
Flaunt the fragments mockingly.

Joy and strength and resolution
Made his heart their home and dwelling,
Sent him forth to noblest action,
Gave into his grasp the deed.

Then he rose with lifted forehead,
Strong, erect, and sure of conquest,
Girt his loosened belt about him,
Raised his hands unto the skies.

Suddenly she stood before him,
Maiden of his love and longing,
Shone in more celestial brightness,
Heavenlier, gentlier, lovelier.

Not a word her soft lips uttered,
But she smiled upon him gazing,
And she pointed to the pathway
Seldom trod by foot of man,

Leading to the distant village
Where were Waupee's life and labour,
Motioned once again and vanished,
Shone to westward as his star.

All that night and yet another
Through the dark primeval forest
Waupee traveled, and the morning
Rose upon the village near.

Waupee made no sign nor answer
To the eager questioning warriors,
Went to his deserted wigwam,
Girt him for the needed toil.

So the days and weeks proceeded;
Soon the rugged warriors noticed
Something changed in Waupee's features,
Something strange and wonderful.

So they dared not vex with clamour
His continual meditations,
Forced to wait in marveling silence
What the end of all might be.

Like the countenance of a prophet,
Holy, thoughtful, pale and patient,
Waupee's face had grown to beauty
Passing that of mortal men.

Low his voice was, full of music,
Like the sighing of the breezes
When across the solemn forest
Midnight weaves her starry spell.

Every night he called the children,
Brought them to his lodge and told them
Stories of their fathers' prowess,
Tales of heroes' manliness.

Also legends of the woodland,
Fairy lore and dreams fantastic,
Words that held the sense like music
Winged the twilight's silver flight.

Lo! as shines the moon at night-time,
Silver with imperial lustre,
Through the stories' woof etherial
Gleamed one meaning, soft and clear.

Patience, hope, and long endurance,
Tender love of man and nature,
Like a golden theme in music
Ever sounded through the deep

Flow of tales that caught the moaning
Winds struck from the trees in autumn,
And the merry, flashing tinkling
Made by rivulets in spring.

So the children grew more gentle,
Rude, rough boys beheld in maidens
Something sweeter, holier, higher
Than the savage sports they loved.

Like a tender rain in summer
Come to freshen all the meadows,
Some new influence stealing on them
Woke the seeds of faith and love.

Soon as creep the twilight shadows,
Lengthening, lengthening down the landscape,
Waupee's stories reached the elders,
Found the thoughtless painted braves.

Nor did they disdain to listen
Round the winter's blazing fireside
When the wondrous revelations
Broke the silence of the night.

Thus the days and months passed swiftly
While the tribe beheld their prophet,
And the men knew well their saviour
In the young enthusiast.

When the spring again with sunshine
Filled the leaf-garmented forests,
Waupee taught to mete the cornfields,
Set the labourers to their toil.

Women, mothers, no more burthened
With their heavy tasks and thankless,
Sat beside the wigwams singing,
Wove their mats in peacefulness.

Like a world new-born from chaos
All the village bloomed in beauty,
Where the people dwelt in joyance,
And the days were full of sun.

Never had such plenteous harvests
Visited those rocky regions;
Never had such happy quiet
Come upon them from above.

Thus the days and months passed swiftly;
Waupee felt his labours prosper,
Saw his toilings like young fruit-trees
Laden with the golden spoil.

Soon the neighbouring tribes in envy
Looked upon the prosperous nation,
Sought to rouse by wide-winged trespass
War's loud tumult in the land.

Like a king of men young Waupee
Strode between the angered rivals,
Like a prophet out of Heaven
Bound them in strong bonds of peace.

Thus the influence softly spreading
Like the meaning through sweet music,
Or the sunlight's yellow splendour
Through the clear expanse of air,

Sped from nation unto nation,
Swept a mighty undercurrent
Through the rude and untamed spirits,
Built a new world in the old.

Like a forest in the springtime,
Joyous, gold-green in the sunshine,
Voiced with birds and streamlets singing,
Smiled upon by cloudless skies,

Like a yellow wind-swept wheat field,
Visible laughter and responsive
To the noontide's flooding lightness,
All the treaty-making tribes

Burst into a nobler growing,
Felt the rising of their spirits
Swift matured to glorious harvest,
Fruits of patience, hope, and love.

Waupee saw the fair fruition
Poured forth of propitious Heaven
Like a sea of mellow moonlight
Sweeping from behind the clouds.

Soon would come unto his longings,
Give herself to his embraces,
Gladden all his life forever
That strange maiden whom he loved.

Well fulfilled had been her promise,
All unbroken been the guidance
Which her mighty words and presence
Had made live within his soul.

Through the long and frozen winter
She had come into his wigwam
When the stilly power of midnight
Held the village bound in sleep.

Through the green and rustling summer
She had met him in the forest
When no bird his tale was singing,
Words of love for waiting ear.

She had grown his breath of being,
He had felt his soul uplifted
Into regions of emotion
Past his utmost dream of life.

Every night the splendid vision
Grew more winning and more gracious;
Waupee felt his body's bondage
Loosening slowly from his soul.

Thus the days and months passed swiftly,
While the land waxed rich and fruitful,
And the nation, great and mighty,
Ruled with mild and wide-spread sway.

Oft the lovely Indian maidens
Gazed upon the youthful Waupee,
And his pale illumined features
Woke sweet hopes within their breasts.

One girl, young and tall and shapely,
Hung upon his faintest accent,
Saw his aims with angel clearness,
Felt her life commixed with his.

At his feet she sat and listened
While he told his tales and wonders,
Caught his gift and power of vision,
Knew herself a prophetess.

As a father trains a daughter,
Or a seer his chief disciple,
On whose shoulder falls his mantle,
Waupee held her dear to him.

Therefore when his summons sounded,
Waupee woke her from her slumber,
Whispered her to rise and follow
Where his footsteps led the way.

Tremblingly she stood beside him,
Saw around the lonesome prairie,
Watched him gazing up to westward
Where his star shone, pure and clear.

Tremblingly she felt the splendour
Slow descending from its station,
Knew the glorious spirit maiden,
Heard the music of her voice.

Then a sudden agitation
Seized upon the silent Waupee,
All his body shook and quivered,
Lips and cheeks grew deadly pale.

Finally a cry escaped him
As he fell upon the greensward,
Moveless lay his face illumined,
Brightened in the mystic glow.

Lo! just poised upon his forehead
Like a bird in air self-balanced,
Clad in light and looking upward,
Stood the new enfranchised soul.

Like a cloud across the snow-clad
Peak of some untrodden mountain,
Like a slow, majestic planet
Sweeping down the sky's steep curve,

Towards its joy the pure soul floated,
Entered on its new possession,
Clasped its love in long embraces,
Reached the end of all its strife.

Then did Waupee turn and utter
To the kneeling Indian maiden
Words of trust and consolation,
Filling her great heart with joy.

"Thou shalt take, O maid, upon thee
This large labour and endeavour,
Well begun amid the people,
Furthered from the gods above.

"I will ever be beside thee,
Giving faith and certain guidance,
I will teach thee words of wisdom,
Smoothing well thy rugged way.

"Also say unto the people,
Here where they will find my body,
Do I wish it should be buried
At the middle time of night."

Slowly, — slowly rose the vision,
Lessened on the pauseless gazer,
Found its home among its sisters,
Glowed among the mild-eyed stars.

Never knew the weeping seeress
How she reached the neighbouring village,
When she told her tale of sorrow,
Or they found the body cold.

Yet at once she took upon her
Duties lofty, and commanded
Where the body should be buried,
What new rites should be observed.

Willingly obeyed the people,
Understood her right of message,
Called her prophetess and holy,
Let her sway them till her death.

For his grave a mound they builded
Where the longest grasses flourished,
And the wild bees came and pastured,
While the birds sang roundelays.

Here the chieftains made their treaties,
Mighty sachems held sage councils,
And the name and fame of Waupee
Wrought unceasing miracles.

Here the mothers brought their children,
Told the tale through all their weeping
How the patient, toiling Waupee
Brought divinest peace to men.

As the years passed on and perished,
Waupee's name and mystic story
Filled the land as subtle fragrance
Permeates the summer air.

So his life and high example
Stole into men's minds and longings,
Till the spirit of dead Waupee
Was the spirit of the land.

ILLUSIONS PERDUES

As fall the apple blossoms with the wind,
Or frost-burned leaves float down the autumn air,
Or past-blown petals star the thickening grass,

Pale dreams speed from me, visions of great joys,
Strong hopes of high achievement, passioned loves
That craved the whole of ecstasy, and sights
Of Truths that underprop the Universe.
I soared the illimitable ether, sailed
The midmost seas, held to my answering breast
The might of untamed storms, and lightly sped
From glow to glow across the narrow stream
Of endless space, and in the rush of Time
Clove the wave-centuries as one who stems
The river's tide that haunts his youth's thin wood.
Whither have they all flown, not birds of earth,
Unclassed of mortal mind, and singing songs
Which whoso heard took all his soul perforce
And gave him strength to climb steep paths to heaven.
I stand alone beneath the silent night,
And find the sweet winds at their softened play,
And know that star responds to distant star
With silver beams of love, and inland hear
The unresting croon divine the great sea sounds
In ear of earth, his dullard paramour.
Yea, all the silence thrills with lover's bliss,
Too deep for words, too wondrous glad for day's
Most manifold lucent knowledges that pierce
The mysteries profaned by alien presence,
Even the sun's; the symphony sweeps the void
And bathes the rolling earth in voiceless sound,
Holds sure within its scope the energy
That builds all shapes throughout the reach of time,

And joins them by the noblest, deepest stress
Into the miracle of their unity,
Bringing whatso there be of thought and power
Into one fair creation, marvellous birth
Of architectural splendour, mass on mass
Of dream-cathedral's wide-embracing walls;
And as I hearken, the silent sound is changed
To viewless sight, imagination's rule
And sceptred right upon the whole, the world
And life both music and the fluctuant form
Which interchangeably and yet in one
Grasp the full spheres of mind and sense; I see
That great cathedral beyond time and space
With souls for elements of its structure, God
Its potence and support; I see aloft
Its pinnacles piercing some clear blue, I see
On painted ceiling or amid the maze
Of carvings multiform desires and deeds,
Saints haloed by the vision of rapt prayer,
Flowers spreading upward, and each petal tense
With touch of Heaven's transfiguring finger, see
The windowed glory for the blest to dwell in,
When earth has shrivelled like a scroll in flame,
And spirit thrills and conquers everywhere,
Unspeakable guerdon to each waiting heart
Of gift he grandly longs for; but I hear
No woven tones of separate singing sweet
Individualized for high behoof
Of my fixed joyance sound to break the ice

Beneath which flows, or flows not, what of me
Remains from the dead past, nor coigne nor niche
Sustains figure or script which is mine own
Or thought of my deep self. So am I torn
From large participation in the bliss
That is the daily fare of other men;
So do I stand and muse upon the years
Which were far other when bird after bird
Sought passage from the nest of my charged soul
And brought in swift return what yet the fields
And woods or peopled wilds of homes of men
Had there to offer. So I strove to build
A chapel's charm for whoso list to come
And pass from golden pleasure to delight
And feel how delicate love bore up his feet
Or gave him wings to soar new spaces sown
With stars of mine own making; these the truth
Garmented in firm light to shine afar
Through lingering dark of faith and fill with sun
More sunlike than the sun, the light of heaven
Mixed with the light of home, the friendly ray
Which surely dwells within life's multitude
And yet stays hidden till the appointed touch
Frees it to aureole. Lost in the vast
My labour smoulders, heat and fire enough
To show a purpose urgent, — that is all.
Forth of mine eyes has gone the sighted strength
Born of soul-perceant passion that engirt
The morning with a dream-like loveliness

Past Nature's highest of giving; from my heart
Has fled the pathos that made ceaseless tears
Dropt from the lids of time my suffering's symbol
And expiatory pain of me to rid
All sorrow of its anguish, being built
Into my house of beauty; fled from my thought
The cunning of the secret of the Spring,
Sweet re-creator of the fair and lost,
As if it had not been and could not be,
Has found a grave in lands unfindable.
And you, O brain, that wont to strive and toil
In tenuous ravelling of the spirit mesh
Which holds the universe within its filminess,
Fall from your height, and sink into the dusk
Of faded flame. So have they left me lone,
And like a tree disleaved and desolate,
Weighed down by winter's heaviest snows, and swayed
At random by the myriad-counselled winds,
I stand and wonder if some latter Time
Will woo me into heart and hope again.

FROM OVER-MAN TO OVER-SOUL

A SYMPHONY

I

Allegro Appassionato

The Over-Man's Hopes and Fears.

All is but a dream and vision,
All is built around the centre
Which am I;
Nothing alien can ascend nor enter
Into my being's sky;
I hold it but a mockery and derision
To bend the neck to any commander,
Since to his great I can oppose a greater and a grander.
I am the secret of the wondrous story,
Mingled of misery and of glory,
Which has gone roaring down the ages
With rare brief calms and mighty rages.
Nay, tell me not of any sovereign lord,
Whatever name be given to him,
I can confront him with a nobler sword,
And all his majesty pales to dim
Before the leap and storm of lightening
Which speeds throughout my spirit brightening.

Whatso can be told of height
Makes a line to be transcended,
But in me the depth of right
Finds an end which never can be ended.

The flight of the Spirit is boldly taken,
From point to point of its rapt devotion;
No joy and no hope shall be forsaken,
Caught in the sweep of its marvellous motion;
These joys and hopes are my principal glory,
Their passion part of my gradual story,
I see them all as from a promontory
The flakes of fire that arise and waken
With the wind that dies on the breast of the ocean.

Bliss is it thus to be the creator
Of all the worlds that are or may be,
Rising with the moments grander and greater —
Whithersoever the end or the way be —
Into fuller and stronger possession,
Past the need of reserve or repression,
Forth from the bonds or glooms of confession,
Actor at once and the act's dissipator,
Fearless of what shall the voice of the Nay be.

So do we know indeed what the whole is,
Feeling ourselves its aim and its inmost,
Always at one with what the true goal is,
Always the lives who soar and who win most,

Nay, not many, I dare to be lonely,
Fulfil my will as sovereign only,
Watch where the stars flit by me pronely,
Drink where the flood of the world's full bowl is,
Still being all that ever has been most.

What do I find worth while to seek?
I make and unmake all laws,
I am their source and genuine cause,
No reason have I to be mild or meek.
This sense of self is the heart of pleasure,
I joy in it past all bound or measure;
Of the great world I shall take my fill
And bend life to my separate will.
The paler delights of reason
Are out of time and season;
The richest flowers that rarest grow,
Red as the summer or white as snow,
I pluck and hold as long as they please,
Then toss afar for my greater ease.
I live in every possible thrill
Which makes the nerves a heaven so glad
That the blinded and swooning will
Loses awhile the kingship it had.
I gather all things in one mighty throe,
Hope or Death have no meaning here,
And thus at once most inly know
What is God himself without a fear.

Is this the perfect day which hovers around me,
White as the noontide forever abiding?
Limits lost in me the Limiter,
Nought above or below me to bound me?
Everything alien sweeping and gliding
Into my being's marvellous trimeter,
About the arrogant might that am I?
Can this be bliss or self-blinding sorrow?
Know I the depths that darkly lie
In the heart of the vast and surging to-morrow?
Or will Love like a ghost arise from its grave,
And slay me with scorn more grand than the scorn
With which I spurned its voice in the morn
When it stood by my side to save?
To save? saving or wrecking is only myself;
I am at once both Ghibelline and Guelf,
Empire and Church and Sovereign haught,
The whole in my net of existence caught.

And yet in the darkness of night a vision arises
Of Life that more than mine own comprises,
Over me stars and large interspaces
And gradual resurgence of high golden places,
Heaven beyond heaven in measureless gyres,
And myriad sound of outpouring lyres,
And far above all a central splendour
That only is since it has an attender,
A life that lives but as it is not,
And knows sweet Love for its substance and lot.

Ah me! this utter loneliness,
And deepening sense of hopes that flee,
The outer a dream and a blaze,
A strange and purposeless maze,
Myself the core of a sharp distress
Drowned in a vague and mocking sea.
Nay, I must burst this night-born anguish,
Strike down the walls of my pain and prison,
Awaken to act from the blisses which languish,
Look forth again to a sun re-arisen,
See that another, a loftier, a higher,
Must be to answer my deepening desire,
Reach to the Life that thinks me and folds me,
Being itself the Love that creates,
Being alone as it lives in another,
Marvellous father and friend and mother,
Finding Himself as He upholds me,
Strength that executes ever and waits!

II

Adagio con molto Sentimento

De Profundis

I have sunk to the uttermost deep, I have passed the sharp verge of life,
Above me I see the steep wherefrom I plunged in my strife;

I hear around me the roar of things that anguish
and storm,
And the hours are more and more aroused to slay
and deform.
This is not the darkness of death but a doom more
bitterly stern,
No merciful loss of breath, no end of the lights that
burn
Like manifold suns of day in the soul's joy-speeding
dream
When it seems to be sure of the way along the Senses'
vague stream.
Ah, would that it were even so, that thought had
passed as it rose,
That light were fled with its glow, that life were
through with its shows.
So I would flee and be freed, utterly breathless and
done
With every semblance of deed, or aught of action
begun;
But just as I utter the speech that would slay with
imperious might,
Then again the passions beseech, and life leaps up
into light.
Somewhere between this pain and the strength that
was mine before
Must lie the infinite gain, the end that begins no
more.
I float on the savage tide, I see far out of my reach

The plains where men have died, the rounded and musical beach.
I yield and give up attempt to attain the sweet loss of all,
The bliss of being exempt from the pallid hopes that befall.
Take me, O terrible wave, and bear me with you afar.
Whatever the living grave, whatever the sinister star,
Whatever the lowering doom, which nought is strong to dispel,
The light that is fashioned of gloom, the love that is hate as well.
I am borne by the wave afar to the islands that gleam and arise
Like an ominous bearded star in the rapt and dreaming skies.
As I reach the wondrous shore, I hear the sound of the leaves
Mixed with the lengthening roar which the wind from the billows receives.
I know not what life may be amid those shimmering bowers,
Nor what fruit may load the tree with the great and luminous flowers;
Yet here I rest and remain, and free myself from the tide,
And look across the plain, where the shadowy figures glide.
I am wholly purged of fear, I only abide and wait,

And the sound of the ocean near is the sound of a coming fate.
I wander inland and note that many have trod before
These meads unreached of a boat, this blossom-besprinkled floor;
Yet hearken that bird's one song, repeated again and again,
Bringing the thoughts in a throng that hold most gold for all men.
This did I hear in my youth before the daytime was sad,
And I dreamed that I knew the truth, and my very soul was glad.
I would have none with me here, I feel that my thought alone
Must meet and pierce with its spear the horror that has held the throne.
I pass underneath the shade of the wood beside the lake
With a silver light overlaid as if for my agonized sake;
I feel the life sweep and thrill through my heart that lies wide and prone,
And a deeper, larger will than the one I have haughtily known
Takes me upon its warm breast as a mother soothes her child
And the sun is low in the west and the day's song gentle and mild.

I long for the coming of night and the light of the tender moon
When my guilt may sink out of sight with its haunting mystical croon,
For I see through the twilight and mist a calmèd benignant shore
Whose allurement let none resist whom hither the tempests bore.
Yea, help seems poured around and there comes from flower and leaf
A something more than sound, a power to master all grief.
I know the depth of the wrong into which I plunged and leapt,
And I know the sense of the song which the mighty air has kept.
Nay, I am ready to yield, and give myself wholly up
To the life that floods the field, and drink from its infinite cup;
And over the gradual sea the setting sun pours forth
A glory, sudden, free, from south to effulgent north.
I sink to a clear abyss and my soul gives forth its cry
To the life that is more than this, to the spirit beyond the sky.
I have no shadow of fear, and gladly am lost and spent
In the passion that rules the sphere, in the sea of divine intent.

Like a wind that arises and sweeps across the scarce trodden plain,
Like power that never sleeps, like love without a stain
That circles the planets and all, is outermost verge and bound,
Is life's gold-glittering wall, is light and warmth and sound,
So a purpose and feeling dim grows larger and clearer far,
And bears me into its hymn and lights me as some fair star
The violet folds of the dome that rises above vague space,
And grants me a joy as of home, and glorifies all the strange place.
I grow a part of the prayer that ascends as incense mild,
And passes beyond the wide air, response to father from child.
I thought myself merged in the whole, but am that whole as myself,
And seem attaining the goal, the making of man from the elf,
The whole that is truly me, and yet looks gladly above
From the universe's tree, to the light that is wholly Love.

III

Scherzo

Morning

Hear the raindrops clear
Striking gainst the pane;
Near the lights appear
Fleeting down the plain
And whitening all the sky where day grows fair amain.

We know that the sea
Where the raindrops fall,
Gleeful as may be,
Makes the sunbeams thrall,
And ripples unto ripples sing and croon and call.

Mist, no more resist
What the sunshine tells;
List! blue skies persist,
Uttering noble spells,
And your dim shrouds endure no more morn's miracles.

Gold the day unrolled
Glows through watery skies;
Stoled in light's pure fold,

The sullen clouds arise,
And speed and melt indeed from the sun's piercing eyes.

Firm my heart infirm
Grows as forth I gaze:
Termless seems the term
Of the increasing blaze,
And tree and sky and lea glow while new lights amaze.

Raindrops now complain
No more, and the fire,
Bane of what is vain,
Life's uplift desire,
Shows clear in leaf and brere and vanquished tempest's ire.

Play of regnant day
Fills the gladdening air;
May should thus be gay,
Season debonair,
The year's beginning, dear and tender, mild and fair.

Thus the amorous
Springtime glows and grows,
For us the glorious
Promise after snows,
The bright and golden light dispelling all our woes.

IV

Allegro Triomphale

The Over-Soul

Over me the blue majestic vault,
And the fair stars glittering adown the night;
The soft white radiance makes assault
Upon the dark and vanquishes with light.
The palpitant splendour of the deep sky there
Conquers in strength of loveliness,
And the pale lustre everywhere
Seems breathless with a mighty stress
To bring to pass some project large and glorious,
Some purpose long delayed but now at last victorious.
No moon, only a revel of stars,
And the white star-drift scattered across the sky,
And the red planet Mars
About at point to fly;
Wheeling and circling in many a gyre,
Height above wondrous height,
Swift engirdments of vast desire,
Pulsing in multitudinous light,
The worlds on worlds of heaven obey
A mighty central law,
Unseen but strenuous more than they,
The source and life of unfettered awe,
The day that is whiter and grander than any day.

The winds grow balmy and mild,
The leaf-flood sweeps across the plain,
The fields and woods renew the wild
And lovely race of blooms without a stain.
Down from the mountains hoary and old,
Fastnesses of shine and cold,
The clear streams tumble and bicker and roll,
And the earth shows again that Bliss is her soul.
Yet nothing abides,
Forever onward the miracle glides,
Miracle still, and always a wonder,
The courage that rises in calm or in thunder,
The slow sure might of the glittering waters,
The sudden cries of the fire's upleaping daughters,
All strengths in changeless interchange
Of life and death and successes that range,
Making the heart of the winter's chill,
And soul of the joys the summers spill.
In sooth all things are one,
Kept in the sweep of the regnant sun,
Who gives to each its stretch of dominion
And flight on separate-hued, swift pinion —
Happy to know
From Him they flow,
Happy in mystical communion
With Him who is all in divisive reunion.
Hearken to the voice of the manifold speeding years,
Think the grand sum that fills the great cup
Of space and brims it with mighty actions up

Through which one growing Light appears;
Like the golden and benignant sun
When the storm his course has run
Over cloud and dark emergent
Where the sloping heavens divergent
Are flushed with radiance and fraught with glory,
Making the whole a wonder story,
One crescent clearing Blaze appears,
Heart of space and Soul of the years,
Love on high and one with Him,
Freedom, that no fate can dim,
Freedom, nerve and force of History,
Wrapped at first in gloom and mystery,
Victor now above the appalling
Thunder cries about him falling,
Son and King and Sovereign Law,
One with all past break or flaw.
Know the Flame whose passioned art
Is to give a severed being
Unto loves forever seeing
That High Love from whom they start
As their goal, and finding thus
Freedom unmysterious,
Freedom, reconciling Name
Which all separate spirits claim,
Bringing forth the whole that is
Source of undiminishing ecstasies.

Listen to the singing through the splendour,

In the morning of the year,
Not the time that was the sender
Of old sorrows, thin and drear,
But the year, which, free from fear,
Knows the star that cannot veer,
Touched throughout with Love, the blender
Of the coming with the past,
Of the ancient with the new,
The New which must forever last,
The Glory of the True.

And I too am caught in rapture,
Mingled, yea, but oh! not lost,
Having found the way to capture
Hopes upon the vague winds tost,
Currents with each other crost,
Heat the friend of bitter frost,
Fine and marvellous adapture,
Whereby the All is the One,
And the single is radiant ever,
And each holds the brilliant depth of the sun,
And past is the Spell of the Never.

Lofty glows the dream's Inventor,
And the vision is High God,
Into his soul I dare to enter,
Timeless permanent period,
Mystic many-blossoming sod,
Freed from suffering's rage and rod,

Winning Heaven's divinest centre
In the light that has always shone,
In the joy that has no beginning,
In the victory over despair and moan,
In the strength made stronger through sinning!

RESISTANCE

The voices that you hear are harsh and crude,
You shrink from every sound maleficent,
Your wearied head upon your hands is bent,
And thoughts come crowding on you, brood on brood
Of grim-faced night-birds, cleaving, harsh and rude,
Their flight from realms of anguish whence is sent
The test whereby the deepmost heart is rent —
Mad disbelief in the mind's higher mood
And passioned love of what is low and base; —
And will you yield? Are you yourself indeed?
Or but a leaf borne onward by the breeze?
Against the tempter lift your tearless face,
And though your very life with agony bleed,
Be what you will, not what your pleasure sees!

HOMER

Green-clad the mountain rises near the reverberant seashore;
White in its pale olive groves, and serene as its deep-blue heavens,

Stands the irregular village where life moves lightly and gaily,
Quaint long streets with their vine-wreathed dwellings and clambering ever
Toward the temples well built for the gods who know them and love them.
Thence the Ægean's slim ripples are seen in their silk-bright lustre;
Waters that bind these shores to the Asian lands and the fathers.
Statues circle the temples in glorious splendour and pureness,
Also a theatre rises beside with its trees and its grasses
Tremulous under the winds that scatter sharp gleams and thin shadows.
Day after day speeds over the calmness that makes its blest home there,
Bringing the changes of beautiful glow and silvery night-time;
Golden the seasons repeat the soft tale of the year's willing bounty,
Touching with gentlest of fingers the hearts who are gentle and patient,
Feeling beneath every sadness a sweet and divine consolation.
Busy with toils that reward and are full of a lofty refreshment,
Sure that the God of the Light holds all in his marvellous keeping,

Often the heights resound with their songs of unchallenged rejoicing.
Viewed from the great white harbour across the voluminous waters,
Blue in their garment of mist and yet clear in the wavering sunlight,
Lie faint islands whence come the long boats of the talkative traders,
Bearing the wares which are more than the kinds they offer for barter.
So the glad days are fleet in the life of the art-loving village,
Deep in the faith that the earth and the winds and the seas are their guardians,
Wondering still why war should prey on the fate-driven brethren,
Those who strive in the mightier regions afar from their pleasance,
Brethren, indeed, since Greek blood flows in this peace and that clamour.
Fair are the festal days when the poets stand in the shadow
Cast by the mountain over the theatre thronged and attentive,
Pouring forth nobly the wide-winged dreams and the hopes that are in them;
Then the mysterious chorus voices its high exultation,
Hymning the triumph gained by the mighty mythical hero

Who must again endure before the dim tears and the rapture,
Hearkening wonderful words that are greater than doer and deed were;
Then their white-garmented maidens with baskets of flowers
Wind up the street and repeat their songs to the favourable goddess,
Promising plenty to field and to meadow and joy to the household.
Often the graybeard council, ringed with its reverent young men,
Gravely dispute on the needs and the ways that are good for the village;
Also, the lithe-limbed youths vie duly in racing and boxing,
Gathering at last where the elders let fall from lips persuasive
Words of the sacred wisdom that mid the environing silence
Hears what the lofty immortal gods are certainly saying
Down in the deeps of the souls who are filled with the purpose to listen.
All the cool streets are bare and deserted this shimmering morning,
Scarcely a man to be seen at his usual labour or pastime,
Open the doors of the houses, the children at play with the nurses,

Old men and young with the wives and the maidens away on some errand,
Jubilant, joyous and bright, in response to a long expectance;
For in the night had arrived from the islands rising to eastward,
White-sailed, blue-prowed, fair, with its pennant flying, a vessel,
Looked for day after day, and amidst of the great-thewed sailors,
Regal, majestic, the poet, crowned with the love of the people.
Early the voice of the crew had aroused the sleepers and called them,
Tasks for the time were abandoned and toil remained at a standstill;
Down to the clear white wharves the resistless ones hastened and hurried,
Eager to know what the words that had flown from the fate-building outlands.
Ages ago in the storied and hero-peopled aforetime
Giant fathers of these had escaped from a hate-bringing horror,
Haunting the seas and the lands with the ghosts of a feud ancestral;
Here had the mountain allured them, and brought them to pause in the valley,
Here had awakened the sound of a wide endeavour and labour;

Swiftly the walls of the far-seen town made richer the seashore,
Brilliant, white, and replete with a varying peace and soft pleasure,
Home of a race who were able to raise the acclaim of the victor,
Making the wilderness show what the strength of a man could accomplish.
Round the long wharves men crowded and plied the swart sailors with questions,
Travellers kind of the kin, and aware of weightier wonders;
These they burned to rehearse to the impetuous large-eyed seekers;
Forth they leaped from the ship; both flute and the lyre made music,
Joyously passed the long line to the morn-clothed high-columned temples,
Carried the offerings meet to the Lord of the Light and his Sister,
Raised the rich songs to the skies and gladdened their up-going pathway.
Soon the cool theatre held the impatient and restless assemblage;
Forth then the poet arose, a divine man, noble and stately,
Grand were his presence and bearing, and strong were his steps and his movements,

Dusky his hair as it circled his forehead, broad and unfurrowed,
Dusky the short curling beard, that concealed not his mouth's gentle firmness
White the still, thoughtful face, and the marvellous eyes' wide splendour
Gazed at the noontide sun unafraid of his mightiest radiance,
Wonderful orbs that were closed to sights of the earth and the summer,
Seeing alone great truths that were props to the wide-stretched heavens,
Having resigned what belonged to the life of the brilliant daytime,
Buried afar in the deep that contains both the Good and the Eternal.
High he stood there above them, larger than friends and than fellows,
Eager to touch the lyre, new-shaped for the great new music,
Tones to which the fair stars revolve in their periods and glory.
Thus did he stand before them, serene and prophetic and gentle,
All the hushed multitude waiting the sound of his passionate singing.
Next from his lyre flowed forth the chords that were utterly thrilling,

Full of the mystical past but making the heart most earnest,
Rich with voices foreshowing the destiny-mastering future,
Voices dim-sounding and pallid, then rising higher and higher;
Into the goldening glow were their souls uplifted and melted,
While from his heart burst forth the message he came to deliver:
"Hear, O luminous God, slay thou with the perceant arrows
All the grim glooms of the night that are flying yet round and about us,
Lord of the mighty bow, and sovereign of song and of singers,
Send thy secrets aflame, and across thy palpitant ether;
Forth from the twilight's clouds that engird the dim rise of the morning,
Shine and show thyself in the heavens divine in glad glory,
Free as the mighty-winged winds that are pouring superb rejoicings,
Saying that thou art the soul and the heart of the oncoming Freedom,
Saying that thou art the strong to uphold the full godhead within us.
Still the unconquered eld deep-threatens and darkens to seaward,

All her dull armies assemble and mutter their fierce imprecations,
We, their descendants, yet hold them in awe but dare no longer
Dwell in the magical mist which encircles and subtly enfolds them;
So we war with our kind, we pulse with a manifold sorrow,
Call from our hearts unto them and invite them to new-made altars,
Where old Asian gods once clothed in soft myriad shadows
Shine reborn and resplendent in wisdom white and in manhood.
God of the sun and of singing, Apollo, master and music,
Heart of our hearts, who didst toil in the woodland as we and in meadow,
Fleeing from Heaven to dwell with the friend, beloved King Admetus,
Shine in the skies and uprise, O lordly and manly and noble,
Finished in beauty and courage, fair with the gift of calm selfhood,
Clear and unmixt with the whole, nor dissolved in the vapours of godhead;
So in the old deep tales rehearsed of the graybeard fathers,

Personal, high, most pure, and complete in soul and in vigour,
Pouring to Heaven itself the worship blest of the spirit,
Didst thou crush under foot the dull poisonous strength of the Python,
Coils that would circle and break us backward to Time and his errors;
So thou slewest sadly the dolorous queen's dear children,
Knowing not well how her sons could be saved from that doom and destruction,
Woven for us as for them, hadst thou not arisen to release us;
Thus from the deadening gloom thy light has brought us dissevered,
Lord of the East and Leader of us and the Mightiest Future;
Like unto thee we grow, strong, simple, and perfect in courage;
Also the barbarous tribes that stormily roar in the Northlands
Clothed in Cimmerian darkness shall know thou art Master and must be,
Taking from thee inspiration and learning thy musical secret,
How thou sovereign art and the lover and bringer of wisdom,
Certainly bringer to all of the gift that is noblest and chiefest,

Making their spirits as thine, personal in manhood and freedom."
Longer he sang and aroused them, with splendid harmonious purpose,
Shattering wholly the chains ancestral that held and yet fettered,
Making them hear of the terrible war wherein they must conquer,
War of the West with the East, grim war of the son with the father,
War that shall end when the Toiler sprung out of the loins of the Dreamer
Back shall pour into veins of the sire his power transcendent,
Both commingled and one in a joy that is sure and immortal.
So he sang of the heroes and all deep hearts were uplifted and shaken;
Gladly the day went by with its sacred worships and feastings.
Then as the golden sun shone brilliant over the mountain,
Blind eyeballs upraised to its crimsoning, blazing effulgence,
Bright he stood in the boat with its forward-bending oarsmen,
While the rapt villagers silently watched him pass from the harbour,

Finding him last as a star on the dark blue distant
horizon.

SONG AND POET

The song was so tender and sweet
That the maiden who sang
Felt with the softening sounds' retreat
How the quick tears sprang.

They praised the maiden and song,
Then turned where stood
The Poet whose shaken heart grew strong,
For his work was good.

They praised and idly they passed,
But the Poet thought
Faintly the unthinking soul holds glassed
What the years have wrought.

LOIN DU BAL

(WALTZ MOVEMENT — *Gillett*)

I

The sounds pierce through me with their marvellous
passion,
Faint though they come to my lonesomeness here;
Why should I grieve in this lover-like fashion
Because her fancies wander and veer?

The moonlight touches the deep-shadowed garden,
Dreamily seen from the balcony's height,
And my inmost soul should supplicate pardon
For feeling aught painful in such a night.

II

Hist! how the sounds arise and falter,
Swell and fade like emotions that change,
Hope that looks forward and fears to alter,
Fear that is hopeful and gladsome and strange;
Softly the music climbs up and pauses,
Lingers on summit of joy past all speech;
Strange — is it not? — that the deft phrase causes
Pain when it falls in my hearing's reach?

III

The old, old story! some men are chosen,
And some are left outside the gate
Where the landscape stretches, disleafed and frozen,
And mocks them abandoned and desolate.
She whirls in the dance's magical mazes
And yields herself to its purposeless charm,
Perchance gives ear to the meaningless phrases
That garb their folly in vague alarm.

IV

Luringly sweeps to my heart the cadence,
Nay, I could weep though the theme be bliss;

Does the stroke of fate admit of evadence?
Can hopelessness be more helpless than this?
Sweet with the subtle mystery of distance,
Pulsing the soul and the fervour of youth,
Drawing me on with seductive insistence,
Building a dream of devotion and truth,

V

Magical music, that tears me in sunder,
Scorn me not broken by fate and by pain,
Raise not for me thy palace of wonder,
Leave me at peace from thy mocking disdain!
Outside thy garden I pause a brief season,
See through the roses thy joyance within,
Wander away and ask not the reason
Why my sharp struggle no further could win;

VI

Even as to-night I left the gay revellers,
Found this door open, forgotten of all,
And dream by mere chance of the anarchic rank-levellers
Who threaten this music with ruin and fall.
Nay, not so serious! Let me not think of them!
Why should my failure thrust me on dreams
Which, like wine poisonous, madden who drink of them,
Peopling the brain with the strangest of schemes.

VII

Yet in the dark lurks the wide-grinning spectre,
  Growing conspicuous as the ages pass,
Ready to spill the gay-perfumed nectar,
  And to shiver this feasting as brittle glass.
No more of these fancies! bitter and cruel!
  Let me not hasten to join with the wrath,
Or to make part in the swift-coming duel,
  Leaving once more wrecked lands in its path.

VIII

Again that passage! how it yearns in its buoyance,
  Thrills and ascends and surely attains!
Fitfully playing with its gay clasped joyance,
  Certain past loss of its infinite gains!
Softly I hear all that full-brimmed gladness,
  Striking my soul with a forefeel of doom,
Presage to me of lingering sadness,
  Monotone grim of a lifelong gloom.

IX

Why should she listen to what my heart harbours?
  What should I bring to her life of light?
Let her hours fleet in vine-clad rose-arbours,
  Know but swift changes of bright and more bright.
Hark to that slow-moving, faint-growing murmur,
  Whisper of love at its secret and mid,

Now for an instant hesitant, firmer,
Now in seclusion of ecstasy hid.

X

All the pent feelings pour through me in surges;
Back to your fastnesses deep in my heart,
I will strive hard till no last one emerges
From the drear dungeon's most echoless part.
Just for this once I know all your sweetness,
Let you flow forth to the music's faint thrill,
Flush with the passion's fiery completeness,
Let the rich joyance my being upfill.

XI

Round me descends the soft-lighted vision,
Grows to the actual, flatters and glows;
We two are together in regions elysian,
Whom Time shall sever with all his snows.
Together? Yea, and the splendour-winged summer
Flushes the land from mountain to sea,
Rose crowds on rose, each ardent newcomer
Glad of the glory to breathe and to be.

XII

We are the might and the heart of the blisses
Thrilling through waters and sun-mastered air;
Cloud speeding by wafts to cloud its swift kisses,
Everything sings of the noble and fair.

Lo! I attain my crown of successes,
  Led by her eyes from peak unto peak,
Scale fervour-footed Time's utmost recesses,
  Seeing beyond what I knew not to seek.

XIII

All I have failed in, her life-giving laughter
  Changes to magical flower in my clasp,
Flower that has might on the here and hereafter,
  Giving their utmost and soul to my grasp.
Am I awake? The music enlarges,
  Glows in a soft and assuring farewell,
Sinks slowly at last, and dyingly charges
  Hope not to loosen itself from the spell.

XIV

Puerile folly! Here in the moonlight
  I loiter and give vague fancy the rein,
Playing with dreams that the truth-showing noonlight
  Will change at a stroke to mere shapes of disdain.
Into the ball-room! A moment I linger,
  Then forth in the generous all-covering dark;
Love I will touch not with least tip of finger,
  She will not know of my passing nor mark.

XV

Further I seek not; fitful souled pleasure
  Sings her last lure for me, thrills her last note;

Surely I know the sense of the measure
  Which from her towers may falter or float;
Yea, the response has been made already,
  Nor will I quarrel with what is decreed;
Outside of life, with gaze fixed and steady,
  I wait and ponder what is living indeed.

THE ARBITRATION TREATY

("E PUR SI MUOVE")

Yet the world moves; although the bitter Past
  Lingering enthroned demands to be obeyed;
  Across the seas the nations war-arrayed
Still stand at gaze, and hearken for the vast
And harsh call unto strife, the thunderous blast
  Of trumpets while the fields are sore dismayed;
  In Time's great balance such rule duly weighed
Has been found wanting, its sure doom forecast;

For two strong peoples shape the newer thought,
  With joinèd might invoke the reign of peace,
Seeing each man's fatherland is where is sought
  Some nobler hope for true life's bright increase,
  And of one blood is goodness, and release
From world-care by the whole world's toil is wrought!

Ἔπεα Πτερόεντα

Word of clear feather
Haunting the weather

Of virginal smiles and chaste mild joyance,
Utter thy message
Full of sweet presage,
Sing of the lands set free from annoyance.

Lo! the swift legions
Peopling the regions
Of the glad soul; there it is Maytime,
There the rapt singers
And wonder-bringers
Flutter and fleet in changeless daytime.

Word of dusk feather
Haunting the weather
Of storm-cloud frowns and self-nursed sorrow,
What wouldst thou utter
And darkly mutter
To gloom the glow of the new-born morrow?

Seek the recesses
And wildernesses
Of the sad soul; there is no bright time,
There the white morning,
The twilight scorning,
Slays not with rays the changeless night-time.

Hark! from what taverns
Or sombre caverns
In the large soul's untrodden dim reaches,

Sound imprecations,
Fierce exclamations,
Woe that for pity the wide world beseeches.

Ah, through the gloaming
Low words are roaming,
Said under breath and filled with sad gladness,
Soft-voicèd singing,
The fountains up-springing
Of hope life-bringing in the soul's waste sadness.

Not sole and lonely,
Painèd and only,
Shut in the prison of the selfed existence,
Soul, dost thou linger
And touch but with finger
The life that is all in gracious persistence.

Lo! the vast sound-world,
Lo! the glad-found world,
Where thou art free and from thee dost sunder
Thy body-fetters,
And grief-begetters,
And leapst in the light of the world-old wonder!

In what an ocean
Of joyous commotion
Fleetest thou now, from islet to islet,

Thou art the real,
Thou the ideal,
Vision and might, swift pinnace and pilot!

Round world of voices,
World that rejoices,
World that is song and beauty and measure, —
Here is thy dwelling,
O victory-compelling,
Here, O soul, is thy hearthstone, thy pleasure.

IN THE AFTERNOON

The shadows are cool and clear,
The atmosphere is peace,
Outside the mild sun shines,
Within is safe release.

The tumults of morn are done,
Only far echoes resound,
Desires are faded and dead,
Fallen like leaves to the ground.

Gifts have the gray hours brought,
Gray hours of the afternoon,
Soft lighted hours, whose sun
Faces the lampless moon.

Not the wild blooms of youth,
  Not passion's golden flowers,
But blossoms wan of hue,
  Plucked in life's gentler bowers.

Sweeter is rest and calm
  Than ecstasy's fierce pain,
And sweeter this sad bliss
  Than all youth strove to gain.

The calm of twilight descends
  Unvexed of sunset, and gray,
Star-crowned, and bringer of dreams,
  Day's shadow, dearer than day.

THE CHURCH

Down through the ages rolls a loudening voice
That in the distance sounded like a song,
Low-toned, most difficult to understand,
Somehow full-fraught with messages of peace,
And on the suffering heart in vocal gold
Bursting with sun-swift, wondrous luminousness.
As the long years of the revolving world
Grew ripe, and the clear spring of Time gave place
To summer's flush of glowing History
With glories past the shine of earlier hours,
The deepened harmonies of the clear song
Grew strong and full, persuasions sweet,

Articulate words gleamed through the woof of sound,
Sharp emphasis of meaning took the soul,
And men believed the intelligence from on high
Wrapped in the mystery of those passioned tones.
Long did I stand in hope to catch the sense
Of the great chorus of the most high powers,
But in the darkness of the storm-swept night
I felt the leaden moments, and in the grave
Of my sad heart I buried my complaint.
Yet unto every man his hour and time;
I heard again the voices, understood,
And in such feeble words as I command
Dare reproduce their large significance,
And, though they did seem many, yet as one
Came the rich purport of their revelation.
"I cannot err; in symbols fit and pure
I garment God's supremest mysteries.
What though thy dull heart may not understand?
I lead by sure and providential paths
Into the realms of rest and work divine.
Thinkst thou the child, weak, undiscerning man,
Could reach unhelped the house that God has made
And holds in multitudinous array
For those who, having conquered, sink on sleep?
Through all the ages, as a giant oak
May grow in girth, a shade beneficent
My gnarled trunk and sweep of foliage
Have spread that the tired nations might find peace,
And hark my murmurings oracular.

I am the bride, the spouse of the high God,
My children sit beside their Father's knee,
And with the illumination of his smile
Find the hours pass in subtle melodies.
Thinkst thou it nought to live engirt by me,
To feel upon thine anguished lips the taste
Of God's own truth, his body, soul, and life,
To know thyself ensnared by my clear net
Of utmost love, to have the passage swift
Of thy enhancèd days grow purest gold
Encircled by my wondrous witcheries?
Nay, thou shalt not escape being led by me
Unto thy home, the bosom of the sky.
Thou findst me ministering to thine infant heart,
And with my symbols, pictures, tales, and saints
Teaching what else would strike upon thine ear
As sounds ineffable, meant for the gods,
Not trembling, searching men like thee and thine.
More than once have I stood upon the earth
In fleshly garb, the son of God and man,
And walked awhile the weary plains of time,
And through the mouths of all my prophets dead
And living have I spoken what all men
Need well to heed. I point unto the sun,
I breathe a charmèd life, I raise my call;
O harken and make answer, ye my sons
And daughters, let my cry as though a sword
Divide your ears and reach your inmost souls;
Come unto me, ye weary and oppressed,

That I may gather you within the fold
And shield you from the wolves whose hungry howl
Makes the night shudder with intensest fear."
I speak as best I can with faltering voice
The words my apprehensive mind received;
But, as a memory is like the past,
An echo like the wondrous song we heard,
A ghost at dawn like the dead friend we loved,
The vaporous vocal shadow of my dream
Floats through the air around me and half shames
My impotence fulfilled of bitter grief
Because it holds not clearer, better grasped,
The secret of the springs of Life that came
In sudden visitation to my soul.

ELEGY

Ah me! I am sad! do you know why?
I cannot tell;
Gold clouds upon the sky,
The night at point to die,
And day is begun.

Ah me! I am glad! do you know why?
I cannot tell;
Strange thoughts fleet down the sky,
The dream at point to die,
And life is done!

TWILIGHT

Across the western skies
A bar of soft gray lies,
  Edged with a crimson line;
And all the pallid blue
With dying light soaked through
  Fades slowly from its shine.

The trees are grayish green,
And the near field is seen
  Slow-sobering in its glow;
From houses scattered far
White smoke-curls dimly star
  The deep sky with their snow.

A drowsy hum succeeds
The tumult of day's needs,
  A murmur full of peace;
And weary toil and care
In this sweet moment dare
  To hope their pain shall cease.

DESTINY

(South Chicago, Illinois. *The Boy Speaks*)

My father works in the foundry. Last night
  He took my mother and me
A long, long walk, with the lake on the right
  A wonderful thing to see.

When a child I had asked him to tell me where
Was the blaze I saw in the sky;
And he said he would surely take me there
If I cared to go by and by.

We came to a gate, and entered in,
And went through a littered yard,
And passed a chimney that was a bin
For coal heaps black and hard;
I saw men pour them from rumbling cars
Into the fiery throat,
And the noise that came from behind the bars
Had a strange and fearful note.

We stood on a platform and saw men move
A huge thing turned to the sky;
The iron pivots slipped in their groove,
And it fronted the stars on high;
Grim figures walked around in the dark
While muttered (here and there)
Strange fires that flickered and smouldered stark
Through the thick and frightened air.

They told me to watch the grim black thing,
And suddenly from it there sprang
A blaze upleaping and shivering
With a roar and a steady clang.
The vast hall shone with the blue-red flames
And the rugged men stood forth

Like elves with the queer and twisted names
In the stories from the North.

Every bright colour wantoned there,
The red of smoke-conquering fire,
The gold that glows through the morning air,
The sky's blue, high and yet higher;
They rose from the round and yawning mouth
In many a glittering tongue,
Then joined in a mist as in the South
From the trees the moss is swung.

I felt that I had a fire within
Made up of as many hues,
A seething mass from which I might win
Delight as my heart should choose;
A gold as full of fire and glow,
A blue as shining and clear,
A white like a mixture of heat and snow,
A red as fierce and as dear.

I felt I could weave these colours fine
Into wonders for eyes to see,
That were like the eyes I knew were mine,
Deep in the soul of me;
Wonders that came from the story-books,
Stretches of gay-rippled waves,
Deeds of strong men and shadowy nooks
The softened sunset laves.

Now that is just what I long most to do,
My fingers ache for the toil,
The pictures fill me, splendid and new,
My memory's glittering spoil.
My brain is bright with the vanishing shapes,
And the glow that is over them all,
My hands reach for them as for rich grapes
That cover the latticed wall.

I have stood down town in a silent room,
And held my mother's hand,
As my thrilling eyes saw before them loom
The pictures, brilliant and grand.
I felt that I too was one of those
Who could walk by the waters clear,
Or look at the morning's opening rose,
And make them reappear.

But I am only the half-fed son
Of a slave in the foundry there,
And my fixed and certain race is run
Like his in that clouded air.
Rude is the path marked out for me,
And though I shall strive to win,
My work, I am sure, will always be
Marred since I must begin

With everything hard to conquer first,
With my very way to build,

Not like the men who are born and nursed
In the joy that high Beauty has willed.
At school the little I burn to learn,
The toil that I long for and love,
The labour whereto mine eyes must yearn,
The hours all others above,

These too are lessened — O sadness and shame! —
For a boy, it seems, should know
Just what will bring him success in the game
Where few reap while the many sow.
A little light on that dusty road
Is enough for the patient poor;
Too much might help them to place the load
In part on the richer boor.

I shall strive my best and hope to gain
Something from dull-eyed fate,
But in the stress of my toil and pain
I shall reach the goal somewhat late.
Yet if I attain, I shall make it my task
To fashion an easier path
For those who unanswered unweariedly ask,
And help them against the old wrath.

CIRCLES

Look to the soft gray sky
Flushed with a dream of rose,
Pale as hope fleeting by,

Sweet as the smile that glows
On whitening lips that sink into repose.

So the grim day is done,
So the harsh noise is fled,
So the high rest is won,
So peace has us to bed,
And stress of struggle falls resigned and dead.

Yet with the morrow's light
Upsprings and strives anew
The Victory's pauseless might,
The Conquest's life that drew
Our deepest minds to know the whole these knew.

Nay, have your own loved way,
Say it is rest to rest,
Not from the day to day,
But night's crest unto crest,
Silence and sleep that seem to you the best.

My heart illumined glows
To see end re-begin,
To find the movement shows
Return to good or sin;
Whichso it be, the round, clear soul must win.

Lo! dark may not endure,
Struck by the warfare sore,
Working its own sure cure,

Leaving room more and more
For Light which Heaven self-turned must still adore.

INSPIRATION

How dare I doubt? Is not my soul at one
With powers supernal, and the company
Of wise celestials, who from near the seat
Of God himself bring messages to me,
And flood my passive intellect with light
That comes from the world's inmost sphere of love,
And fills my heart with joy in highest things?
Am I not the prophetic one, the voice
Wherethrough God speaks, the trumpet-soul, the lyre
He plays on so that songs from him may fall
And flow in sounds attuned to human ears?
How dare I doubt? I pour the impetuous whirl
Of my fierce words into all listening hearts
That from the fields of hope and thought the weeds
Of sin and hate may be consumed in breath
Of a great wind of wholesome fire and truth,
And then fair flowers may grow in spaces cleared,
And like the earth in spring's new garb of green
And delicate grasses, pale sweet blooms, and trees
Shaking aloft their mist of gray young leaves,
The soul recalled may image Heaven's own best.
I dare not cease, and when the brutish crowd
Lift up their cries against me, shall I shrink
And falter on my way? I am the Right

Come down to earth. If men had eyes to see,
The blazing comet of my progress through
The world would dim the sun's mid-summer flame.
If men decry my words and tangle me
In their wise speeches, and with questions rude
Trouble the tranquil tenor of my thought,
Am I not sent commissioned from on high
To hurl fierce anger on their impious heads,
And bid my followers spurn with ridicule
Their silly mouthings? And yet at times — alack! —
In the dark night and hours of utter gloom
When thou, O God, forsakest me, and I
Grope even as lesser men nor find the truth,
A sense of scorn and fear comes over me
Abandoned of the white angelic choir,
I think that truth is no more mine, and deem
My words are mixtures of the great and base
Like other men's, deem that I have a soul
Not all pervaded, wholly moved of thee,
But subject to the whims of personal will,
And natural circumstance, and human love.
Ay me! on what a perilous verge I stand!
Am I not then on earth the truth of truth
Which sweeps away as winds the autumn leaves
All mundane falsities to sure decay,
And brands on folly's brow the stamp of scorn?
Yet doubt will come to make assurance pale
And fall from height of regnancy serene.
I fear I am no messenger — I fear

God has not laid his absolute hand on me.
This is a Hell past all men's thoughts. I lean
Against Heaven's gate but do not enter in.
It is not so. I am the world's sure king —
As Truth is king — and yet the doubt returns.
I mind me of the sad and solemn words
In days long past my dead friend subtly spoke
As he lay white and still and every breath
We feared would bear his soul away. He said:
"Seek thou the Truth, but think not its own life
Can flow unceasingly in mortal moulds;
Like winds whose home no man may hope to find,
Like light that comes and goes more swift than birds,
Like waves that rise and sink into the sea,
All inspirations come and fleet and die."
But I have been the Right through all my days,
My nights, my hours; I feel as one a fire
Has shrivelled into dust, as one a power
Divine has crushed remorselessly, as one
Dead while alive. But I am paltering —
I must arouse me and fare forth to hurl
My fierce anathemas upon the fools
Who say me nay, nor bend their supple minds
To me who am the very depth of thought
And inmost soul of things, the peerless strength
That builds all forms and makes them what they are.

SONNETS

I

The Expedient

The road winds round the hill unto the top,
  Not always easy to be seen or found,
  And many an alluring burst of sound
Bids the slow traveller pause and gladly stop.
Here a stray vine calls for a needed prop,
  And here the ways with shaggy rocks abound;
  Here is a place of smoother, flowery ground,
And here one longs a withered bough to lop; —

Yet must you know the curve of the hid track,
  And how to use all these delays and lures
    That you may surely gain the summit fair;
Else, ere you think, the midnight, starless, black,
  The night that falls and evermore endures,
    Will hold you fast within some noisome lair.

II

The Just

Break through the envious thicket — anywhere —
  Crush what impedes your certain onward march;
  These golden glooms shut out the solemn arch
Of the blue skies than any gloom more fair.

Close your dulled ears to musical notes more rare
  Than waters where the desert's hot sands parch;
  Who cares for foliage, oak, or spruce, or larch,
Or blossomed ease when the Just bids us dare!

These are the voices of the sirens sweet,
  Who lurk beneath the shadows of old boughs,
    And make your soul faint with their magic plays
Dancing across the green with swift white feet;
  Hark but the sound that all your breast must rouse,
    There — from on high — past the bewildering
      maze!

III

The Right

Be not so reckless, pause awhile and gaze,
  Much has been gained, the steep wall makes a turn
  And the new sunrise deigns again to burn
After the gloom's dejecting and deflecting ways;
Yes, here make pause, and ponder on the blaze
  By which we reached this height; think not to spurn
  The help which came to haggard hearts that yearn,
And gave them ease after despairing days.

Fixed on the summit shall our eyes yet be,
  We swerve not though we linger here at rest,
    And take such calm as these thick trees may
      make;

Behold, below the myriad-glittering sea,
Around the powers of evil dispossessed,
Above the glow glad for its own pure sake.

JUSTIFICATION

I slew her, — why should I deny what ye,
O judges, and all men must surely know?
Nor was flight ever in my thought, escape
That was of none effect, because perforce
I bore my punishment along with me
In abject fear, and loss of friendly hands,
And bitter life in a dread solitude
Which dark suspicion wove around my feet.
I dreamt not of your laws and penalties,
Your strong enactments for your household peace,
Your web of potent limits which unseen
Gird all men round and surely strangle them
When they attempt to burst the filmy bonds.
Through all these years my pain has blotted out
The world and men; and I have walked my way
Through its thick mist in utter sullenness
As though my heart had turned to stone or I,
Devoid of soul, lived as a body might
By force galvanic roused to show of strength.
She was my wife, and in the distant days
I loved her truly as an honest man.
I had my purposes, and longed to see
My slow-developing ideal grow

A visible power within the outer world,
A might incarnate for man's highest weal,
A helper in the time's continuous toil.
It were a foolish thing to tell how sweet
Were in those days her acquiescences,
How thick she wove her flatteries round my soul,
As a wild vine enwreathes a forest oak;
For she would aid me in my thankless work,
And sit in pride beside me when mankind
Hailed me their benefactor. So her smile
Illumed her face when I poured out my hopes,
And dropping fickle kisses she would speak
Fierce praises of my large beneficence,
And sybilline prophecies of the near hour
When I should be enthroned the king and friend
Of all those labouring sadly under skies
That were just shuddering with expectant sun.

I cannot tell what change came on our joy,
But slowly, as a storm creeps up the air
And spreads its dark domain till everything
Is gulfed in gloom, a shadow stole upon us,
And shed its grievous twilight on the spot
That seemed a relic of the golden age
Somehow left blooming in the wilderness
Of this our mortal life and pilgrimage.
I cannot say her smiles grew less; — she seemed
As strangely perfect in her ways and looks
As when her fascination's glamours played

Across her face, and through her bird-like mien,
Soft fitful lightnings on a pallid cloud,
And she awoke my love in spite of fear.
Yet she was changed; I dreamed a touch of scorn
In her caresses, and her smiles seemed forced,
And when I turned to go and quickly turned,
I saw the frightened look of glad relief
Fade in a sickly glance of unmeant love.
So gradually my life was torn; she felt
Her growth of power, and hardly cared to hide
Her shame of me save that with cat-like stealth
She strove to gall me in her deadly play,
And sprinkled all her cruelty with kisses
As one might strew in direful mockery
Roses along the path of one who sees
Not far the headsman's weapon coldly gleam.
I cannot tear apart her witcheries;
She stood upon my every path of life;
She scoffed when my best friends hung on my words;
She wove her mist of omnipresent scorn
Around me, till I knew that all my words
Brought her fierce eyes to burn upon my face,
Or her chill laugh to sound and maim my strength.
I fought her, stormed, and fled away from home,
I tried entreaty, tried all means of love,
I could not move her; yet she came and said
She loved me with a love surpassing man's,
And rather than be sundered from my side

Would perish miserably; yea so, indeed;
If she were here, I should clutch her by the throat!
You see I crave no pardon, ask no pity;
But hear me to the end which darkens near.
I felt myself bound in a servitude
Worse than black hell's; my purposes were dead;
My life was all a blank, the world was gone;
I cannot say how utter were the gloom
And hideous solitude I dwelt within.
She was not satisfied; she sang, she played,
She danced upon my living grave; she dared
To boast of her well-earned supremacy.
Even so her tyrannies enveloped me,
And I walked fettered in my every act,
The veriest slave the sun shone down upon.
I bore it month by month, till on that day —
Which is for me a space of livid flame —
The horror of what then I had become,
The ruin of what I had hoped to be,
Arose before me and I spoke my grief.
She only laughed her meaningless, clear laugh.
— My vanquished manhood stirred within my arms,
I fell upon her and I strangled her,
And knew my bondage done when she lay dead.
O judges, do upon me what you will;
You cannot take the rapture that I felt
When her last breath was gone, and I was free;
For death is silence; if I wake from that,
I wake in freedom, and my life flows forth

To ends that are mine own, and underneath
My care grow as fair trees in fostering spring.

AN INDIAN STORY

The warrior came back from the weary march,
  Much had he suffered and seen;
He stood all alone beneath the arch
  Of the oakwoods fair and green.

He waited awhile beneath the tree
  Where had stood the girl most fair,
Who had promised his laughing bride to be
  When the war had ended his care.

A shudder crept through his sinewy form,
  He knew not the reason why,
A gloom like the cloud of a gathering storm
  Seemed sweeping over the sky.

He turned and across the darkening air,
  Like flashes of dusky light,
Strange shapes seemed to flit all unaware
  That the sun shone on midheight.

A bird made moan of most ghostly note
  From the thick leaves' sombre shade,
Though the waves of sunlight ceased not to float
  Through the blossom-smiling glade.

The warrior quivered and felt a chill
As though a blast from the dead
Had sought the affrighted wind to fill
With anguish sharp and dread.

He thrust the grim feeling off from his soul,
And looked to the red sun clear;
He felt, as the sea from the shore may roll,
The passing away of his fear.

The darkness crept from across the sky,
The lone bird ceased from its song,
The fitful shapes seemed to flutter and die
The soft-swayed winds along.

Had he dreamed a frightful dream at noon,
Had he died while yet alive,
Had he heard the sound of the soundless tune
Of the dead when they cease to strive?

He turned and found at the foot of a tree
A young girl sitting alone;
Her woe was a bitter thing to see,
Her very soul made moan.

He gazed with eyes of out-staring fear,
He knew the young girl's face,
He saw the cheeks of his true love clear,
And her tears rolled on apace.

No word escaped from the frozen lip,
  But she saw and waved her hand;
He reeled like a shattered storm-struck ship,
  He followed her strange command.

Again a cloud swept over the air,
  And through it the shapes seemed to glide;
The lonesome bird sought no more to spare
  The flow of his sorrow's tide.

He followed her steps as she slowly led
  To the village known so well;
Never a word her shut mouth said,
  And never ceased the spell.

When she saw the village rising near,
  She waited, he stood by her now,
She held him in hands both cold and drear,
  She kissed him on lip and brow.

Around her he strove his arms to close,
  He felt but the viewless wind,
He saw but the day, and a wail arose
  From the village, far and thinned.

Nearer the maiden-bearers came,
  Nearer and nearer the men,
Pure as a rose that no one can blame,
  Death-pale he saw her again.

Alack! she had kissed him on lip and brow,
He tottered and fell by the dead;
They place him lifeless beside her now,
And lay them in one strait bed.

SOLACE

Stand firm — these are but little things,
A shadow which the temporal flings
Around the soul that smiling sits
Beyond these trivial fever-fits.

It is not worth a serious while
To suffer sirens to beguile
The soul out from its central peace
And equipoise of safe release.

We live our life — it is not well
To fall beneath the wizard's spell,
To dream that things which pass and fleet
Are firm beneath our careful feet.

We live our life — and we must bear
The weight of life's most certain care,
But in our hearts our true home is
And basis of our destinies.

We live our life — and outer things
Are but a robe the temporal flings
Around the soul that is serene
Behind the many-woven screen.

SONNETS

I

Height

Through veils on veils of air and toward the light
We press whatever hindrances annoy;
The landscape stretches palely to the right,
And leftwards the slow sun has rich employ;
The soft stream murmurs through the wind-swept leaves
The song that aids our unrelaxing march,
Until the listening, lingering ear receives
But shadowy echoes underneath the arch
Of woods that darken here below the steep
Last stair our eager feet have yet to tread;
The grasses vanish and the sparse trees keep
Chance harbourage where the barren rocks are spread;
And now the sun increases in the sky,
Calling vast clearness friend and glad ally.

II

Distance

The distant lake lies placid with the shine
Subdued upon its smooth unheaving breast,
And the mild mountains, subtly blue, recline

Against the mighty morning's splendidest;
The sinuous vapours play about their feet,
The peaks emerge in mellow reddened gold,
And onward to the sunrise speed and beat
The wind's wings shepherding the clouds' soft fold;
Slowly forth from the light-dissevered mist
The village spires arise unto the sun,
Till Heaven's own radiance has bent down and kissed
The roof trees from the vanishing shadows won;
Divinely sure, Nature's great soul and heart,
Delight, sun-clothed, resumes his mastering part.

III

Life

Yes, we have climbed together, and your sight,
Strenuous and perceant, fearless, deep, and large,
Has burned its way unto the sovereign light,
Passing beyond each wider-stretching marge,
Passionate-eager for the ultimate bliss
Of light's self found recognizant in you,
The wondrous voiceless song of thought's own kiss
On lips fresh with its reborn morning dew,
The intimate and central strength of truth
Re-glorified in shine reverberant
From hence, His undisturbed heart in sooth
Brought back to Him thus suavely undulant;
And I who walk beside you dimly know
What your unswerving fiery eyebeams show.

IV

Love

Now, as my sight grows strong with yours in me,
The large blaze breaks in myriad points of flame,
And joys, long felt, stand forth in lucency
That half forbids the sweet familiar name;
Lo! your unshadowed smile sends swift afar
Its centring life to burst in leaf and bloom,
And every roof appears a luminous star,
And everywhere the day constructs a golden doom;
The bronzing smoke-wreaths tell of hope and peace
Holding at heart the secret of all good,
And filled with bliss the radiances increase,
Leaping to do their service as they should;
So guided our strong steps once more descend,
Making this Light our Life's unfaltering end.

ASSURANCE

You have passed beyond the high,
Steep enclosure of the sky,
Veiling with its dappled blue
You, O loved one, from our view.
Yet across whatever streams,
Through what newer lands like dreams,
You may rise and float and speed,
Through what paths of loftier deed,

You will ever keep in view
My hurt soul as I keep you.
Whatso waters you may drink,
On what hard oblivion's brink,
You I know will keep your lip
From the smallest farthest sip,
(Oh, the spell to strike despair
Into light divinely fair)
Which can bring the fate to be
That you should not remember me.

DROWNED

Cease your flowing, dark-hued sea,
Him can you not bring again to me;
Ship, that bore him on the way,
Lie as deep as may be from the day;
Better you had never been
Than return as father of this sin,
Better that no keel had pierced the bright
Waters than those eyes sink from our sight;
He was more than any wave,
More than all the vessels brave.
O that green-haired earth had spread
Over the sea's unquiet bed!
Seamanship and vessels fair,
Flight to lands of other air,
All things men earn from the deep,
Ceaselessly must mourn and weep,

Wishing they had never risen
From the Undone's cloud-wrapped prison;
Then they had not brought him low,
Far from all who love him so;
Then he still would be the light
Of all things that are most bright,
Grasses, rivers, stars, and songs,
Which the loth lip yet prolongs,
Clinging to the loveliness
Which he brought our hearts to bless.

SONNETS

I

The Orient

Let me not waken from the dream; the deep
  And endless realm of being bathes me round,
  And all its waves so sink into the sound
Of voiceless music that I fall on sleep
In the still golden vast, nor longer keep
  This fitful self once aching as a wound
  Not yet brought back into health's girding bound,
But now released from all that makes souls weep.

Seas, trees, the stars, the ways of men,
  The maddening maze wherein they toss and whirl,
  And what the winds of change about them hurl

Of blinding storms, are past; I rise again
  Into the One whose lips no more uncurl,
The silent light's sole sightless denizen.

II

Judea

Whiteness and Splendour past the bound of things,
  Beyond the utmost far Beyond, and Light
  For whom as darkness is all lesser sight,
Being the Life-beat of all perishings,
The Song wherewith all Music rings,
  The Strength that fills all circle-spreading Might,
  The Voice that sounds within stern-visaged Right,
The Calm whereto all pulsing anguish clings.

Forth from the worlds the winged prayers arise,
Changed into flowers before your changeless eyes,
  Received into your realm divine, secluse,
Heart of all hearts and blessed peace that lies
  Golden around the years' condign abuse
  Transfigured in your Love, serene, diffuse.

III

The Occident

I burst the troubled slumber; lo! I toil,
  And over me the mighty sunshine rolls
  In wave on wave of mastering controls,

Wherein the weary stress and wounding coil
Grow into broken and rich odorous soil
From which arise the morn-responding bowls
Of flowers and hopes that are the very soul's,
And radiant glow the obedient mirk and moil.

So the White Splendour bends from height above,
And the Soul stands at one with Life and All;
So Love replies unto the crowning Love,
And wondrous is the shining joy thereof;
The days fleet on, and to their beck and call
Come Freedom's labours that God's self enthrall.

OBSESSION

Do you believe there are two worlds? Men say
That over the dull realm of Time and Sense
Spreads a clear region of more potent life,
Inhabited by spirits strong for good
Or ill, whose motions sway the pulsing tide
Of this our being's sea as the white moon
Draws to her feet the fawning, sinuous waves.
In deeps of your own heart do you not feel
Impulsions, hopes, anticipations sweet,
Which come from an intense obscure of soul,
Having their strength from a hid mystic source,
Whose constant effort builds the vast complex
Of things and souls, and like an artist sees
Its imaged inner essence perfect wrought

Beneath its all-subduing might; I ask
Where lies the verge, the sharp dividing line
Betwixt the one indissoluble me,
And that pervasive power which ceaseless acts,
And yet through death and birth and mighty change
Remains unchangeable, self-equal, strong.
I ask how far the splendour-girted ones
Who dwell in unseen depths of golden bliss,
Or those most awful who in caves of sin
Drag out sad periods of gloom and fear,
Invest the orbs of our dissevered selves,
And rule us past resistance of our utmost wills.
These are strange questions, and no sure reply
Comes from the voiceless truth; but I am worn
With anguish of self-condemnation, seek
A way out from the labyrinthine grief
That holds me prisoner from the liberal air
And broader sunshine where men work or play.
I am two selves; I am incarnate stress
And struggle of twain potencies, I am
The stage of bitter conflicts numberless.
As a wild bird may swoop upon its prey,
Or the demoniac whirlwind crush in grasp
Of viewless air the object of its wrath,
An influence, rushing like the angered seas,
Diffused and formless yet not all devoid
Of centred point of personality,
Pounces upon me with resistless strength,
And thrusts myself out from myself and dwells,

An alien soul, within me, and holds reins
Upon my thoughts and deeds. It helps me not
That I make struggles fierce to dispossess
The secret power. I see with vision clear
In what excess of passion's maddened whirl
I sweep to gulfs of grief and hideous shame;
I see with intellectual eye the nobler way
Of self-control, and sufferance of the wrongs
The petty envy of vague circumstance
Inflicts, but with a grim stolidity
The force I know not what or whence grasps me,
And seems to smile a triumph horrible
When at dread intervals its dusky form
Looms into sight before the inner eye.
What is it? Can you tell, for you are wise,
And have so long searched God's abysses deep
That his hid will has bared itself for you,
And you behold those principles eterne
That pattern all that is, that was, or shall be.
I cannot live and be the instrument
Of random powers to tune me as they will,
And make such music as may please their ear,
And I should find the mutterings of Hell
Sweet concord matched with their bewildering strains.
I loathe myself when I am freed and know
I am again the sovereign of myself.
The sense that aliens have held revel in
My house of soul fills me with rage and scorn;
Is there no help? Aid me, O God, I pray,

Or sink me down in caves of utter sleep
Where dull oblivion like a leaden sea
May clasp my soul in an unsounding grave,
Unvisited of light, or breath, or dreams;
Keep me from such besiegement, or if aught
Shall sweep across my heart's unbounded sky,
Be it the light of thy sweet love, or breath
Of thy clear charity, that robes, like air,
The vales and mountains, all that stirs and lives,
And binds in friendship strict the distant stars,
Things strange, contrarious, and sets free from rule
Of baser feelings, envy, fear, or scorn.

FROM UNDER THE BAN

I

The brows throb with the pain and weariness
  Which fill the heart, and all the blood is slow;
  We care not much for anything, and know
Not change in this continuing distress;
Monotony and woe, nor more nor less;
  But the same road the equal sad hours go,
  And with the same no speed the gray streams flow,
And never a wind has touch of a caress.

Whither and to what end? nay, urge not thus
  The unopening lips of Fate to grant reply;
The leaden message will more dolorous
Gloom the vague vale where unmiraculous

And pulseless twilight broods across the sky,
Which shuts on us who breathe and may not die.

II

Yonder a glow of sudden light, a thrill
Sweeps through the air, a sign of joy,
And where the new-foamed waters have employ
Beside the green base of the rock-hewn hill,
A murmur sounds, more full of wakening will,
And a young breeze with movements, soft and coy,
Bends the low grass, and lightly dares to toy
With slumbrous streams which the dull slopes down spill.

So in the night a silver star shone forth
And calmly sailed across the purple north,
And to our hearts — we know not how — came back
A very breath of spring, a hope of toil
That should relead us to the shining track
Where we had seen the haughty foe recoil.

III

Ay, now we do remember, for the day
Was more perturbed than is its dismal wont,
And we felt more how vain the attempt and hunt
For labours that are one with life and play;
The little child came near with laughter, gay

As one whose soul nor time nor fate could blunt,
And whose deep-eyed delight would be to front
The ragged savage edge of every fray.

That laughter snapped the ice around our hearts,
And we saw blooms that we supposed were dead,
And the base sky of sombre heavy lead
Burst wondrously, and, pierced with memoried darts
Of an awakening sharp, we grew less cold,
And saw how Victory glows before the bold.

IRRESOLUTION

So now — the morrow comes — the fatal morn
Whose sun shall see failure, or haply find
My high magnificence outrival him
In his best splendour. All depends on act
Quick fashioned to the instant's exigence.
Now if clear thought and far, wide view of things
And hard forgetfulness of narrow aims
Shone but as lamps upon the cold, dark road
Whereon my feet have been through weary hours
Of sullen meditation and torn soul,
Rapt various by strong winds of false or true.
I long for this great sovereignty, firm seat
Whence broad outpouring good in fruitful rains
Attempered to the time's best need and use,
Opportune proper nutriment at call
Of thirsty blooms or long dry wastes of sand,

Might be my gift to man; this height of power,
Almost mine own save that far nearer claims
Assault my strength of will and bid me think
Of him whose right ancestral I oppugn, —
Weak infant never grown to manhood's thought
And ever leaping fountain of much ill, —
This hold of might to help all struggling good
I dare not cast away, now offered me;
And yet I know not, for these sicklied eyes,
Grown dim in atmosphere of bold attempt,
See things awry, not in such harmony
As quells the turbulent upheave of self,
And shows we are not sundered fragile parts,
But rounding last completion of the whole.
Yet that bright way is dark — cheap chill bought
smiles,
Mock reverence, hate made smooth with wiles per-
force,
Are lampless lights upon that royal path;
Surely there are two illuminations, nay,
One only, dominant with lustre pure, —
Steadfast, calm soul who knows the flow of things,
And in self-centred trust laughs at the foam
And angry battling of innocuous waves,
Pierces the overpowering glooms of death
With sudden sempiternal flame, nor needs
Transitory splendence, mutable glows,
Shows and bright garbs of dew-long fitful earth,
Content with deep bold faith and love of right.

Wherefore I choose; — hark! the shrill trumpet calls!
Methinks the hurried confluence of thoughts,
And sword-wise clash of hostile, bitter words,
And sudden energy vouchsafed at need,
May strike from the bare rock the novel flash
Shall light the torch in farthest fane of mind
Where Truth displays her secret, solemn scroll.
Why care so much? In multitudinous flux
Of atoms small my slender orb will roll
Whither chance winds or present streams
Seek the far close of night or pure, clear fire.

THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE YEAR

What shapes of Springtime fleet through thy soul?
Pale long grasses, wind that passes,
Rains like a swift sweet dream,
Fancy with stores in golden masses,
Hopes in a sunny stream,
Golden visions,
Superb derisions
Of failure to reach life's uttermost goal.

What raptures of Summer in the deeps of thy heart?
Skies the bluest, vows the truest,
Deep green gloom of forests rude,
Seas whereon, O soul, thou viewest
Fleets of joys, a white-winged brood,

Wine-hued aspirations,
Passion's incarnations,
Wherewith life's pulses still storm and start.

What low-voiced blisses of Autumn are thine?
Languid fruition, fearsome transition
Over to realms of snow,
Subtile and secret premonition
How fierce the winds shall blow,
Mingled sensation
Of flight and station,
Glad fear of the things that may not yet shine.

Has thy soul in Winter all peace attained?
Sunny pleasures, winsome treasures
Brought by breath of the bold North Wind,
Fireside songs in glorious measures,
Tales that bring the fervour of Ind,
Burning coldness,
Iron boldness,
Strength of the heart not hitherto gained.

Joy reigns throughout the Spirit's year,
Lights there are fixed although they veer;
Hope and the Ideal
There are the Real,
Severless friends in that wondrous sphere.

A FALSE TRIUMPH

So the fight is over and ended,
  The sky shows placid and clear,
Where the smoke with the dust was blended,
  And the sun could not appear.

Not a sound of insolent glory,
  Not a murmur of woe and defeat,
The whole is a finished story,
  The day is silent and sweet.

And the triumph is weak and brittle,
  And its heart is chill and cold,
And its strength is vapid and little,
  And its hour will soon be told.

Triumph that lasts forever
  Comes only with simple truth
That not an assault can dissever
  From its calm and ageless youth.

Such defeat holds firm in its anguish
  More life than the conquerers know,
Before whom so much must languish,
  So much is crushed and laid low.

Stand there with your countenance pallid,
With your lips from their colour that flew,
Till the blood in your heart has rallied,
And the glow shines forth in the blue;

For the just shall make you master,
So much have you surely won,
And good from this sore disaster
Shall resume the course it must run.

Then the hour shall call you and use you,
And the truth shall fill you with might,
Nor victory dare to refuse you
The bringing forth of the right!

REBOUND

What do you seek, what do you see,
Under the lonely mountain tree?
Now at last do you love me?

The days are dead, the hours are fled
In which the sweet sad words were said;
Know you whither you are led?

I loved you well, I loved you true,
You stood the sun in all I knew;
Have the days changed so for you?

Scorn has its own deep mysteries
Which only one who all things sees
Knows to bear like blossoming trees.

Now that you love, I cannot love,
I see nought cast from realms above
Worthy to take note thereof.

I cannot solve the riddle dark,
Or sail again in the swift bark
Girt by music of the lark.

Nay, who shall break the sombre spell,
Or drink the waters of the well
Flowing in the dim past's dell?

The days are dark, and overhead
The sky is dull and pale as lead;
Here nought further may be said.

INCERTITUDE

Your pallid eyes are wet with tears,
Are wet with tears,
Your sad stained cheeks are pale with fears,
Are pale with fears,
But the Past will not return.

Mayhap you yet again will stand,
Again will stand

Upon a new Spring's magic strand,
Spring's magic strand,
When the skies with sunrise burn.

SING, O BIRD!

Sing, O bird, and pour your heart
Into your unconscious art;
Pour your strains upon the air,
Rising fair and yet more fair;
What you say I know full well,
As I lean unto the spell
Of your raptures ringing loud
Through your every accent proud.
Ah! you utter truth divine,
Flowing from the inmost shrine;
You and Love are closely bound
In a friendship sweet and sound,
As a rose's petals pure
Coiled up in a bud demure.
Why should words of anguished men
Bear me far from you again?
What a broken thing is speech!
Song alone can deeply teach.
Let me with you flutter back,
And retrace the vagrant track
Which I followed, when I left
Youth's glad trust, and came bereft
Unto fields where work and moil

Hold me, and the thankless spoil
All men labour for and spin
Is but folly which they win.
Listening to you on the spray,
I behold again the day
Which is light whereby we see
All we ever hope to be.
You and nature yet are one,
You are gladdened with the sun,
You and life are not at war,
Happiness' sweet servitor!
Let me rest in your clear joy,
Let me feel your secret coy,
Live at one with all bright things,
Sing as when your pleasure sings,
Freed from severance into me,
Held in tenderest fealty
To the dream of bliss that fills
Your dear voice's golden rills,
All myself absolved from wrong,
Lost in your ethereal song!

SONNET

She sat beside me at the Monday Club,
But my thoughts were afar and otherwhere;
Her face was pale and thin, but not less fair
Than when I saw it last; her Alpine cub,
Whose eyes, a gold-brown wheel with velvet hub,

Were still on watch, crouched low beside her chair,
And oft would make her of himself aware,
Or give her fallen hand a stealthy rub.

For her dear sake we had permitted him,
But I dreamed of one vanished glittering day,
When we three wandered with our changing moods
Beneath the trees, and all my heart was dim
With joy, from which the sun bears me away
Relentless, roods on ever lengthening roods.

LINES

I

It is joy to be, whatever the season;
Who seeks to find the how or the reason?
There is always news from the engirding sphere
Where the gods like stars in the sky appear.

II

Who longs for what he may not do,
And lives vain hours he still must rue,
Pity ye him in conflict snared;
But if he learn the strife to love,
And prune himself for flight above,
God has beheld his woe, and spared.

DIVIDED

When I see him coming afar,
  I shudder with nervous dread,
He seems to have power to mar
  The peace of the life I have led.

Yet his voice has a noble ring
  That thrills my uttermost brain,
And his thoughts seem ever to sing
  Some wondrous and heavenly strain.

But when his young rival appears,
  My heart leaps up with my joy,
And my eyes suffuse with tears
  For love of the beautiful boy.

Then I weary of him in a while,
  And his graces are stale and sweet,
And I scarcely repress a smile
  As he rises to his feet.

Two loves are tearing apart
  My being that falters and falls,
A love for a glorious heart,
  A love for a beauty that palls.

I know not how it will end,
I see no outlet or way
From the night wherein I wend
To the light of happy day.

INFELIX

All the winds have gone to rest,
All the night is unopprest,
Everything is calm and still;
But my heart, my heart, with passion is torn,
And in it is dark to which comes not morn,
And I weep and I keep
Mine eyelids from sleep,
And I cannot be calm and still.

Lo! the happy sunrise glows
In a burst of gold and rose,
And the day is glad and free;
But into my soul no radiance pours,
And my life leaps forth with straining oars,
And glides with the tides
Where the sea-roar abides
And I cannot be glad and free.

SONNET

What do I dream within those deepened eyes
Where you strive hard to hide the mystic story

I felt when Life's spring saw clear gold arise
The prescient sun of Love's impetuous glory,
And through youth's sky with cloud inheritance
hoary
Flashed the new glow that made a young new soul?
As from a vexed and sea-girt promontory
The pallid watcher marks across the roll
Of waves of multitudinous molten fire
The rapid growing sail, and tastes the kiss
On trembling lips, I note within your heart,
Through eyes you cannot darken, my desire,
My utter hope, my waiting certain bliss,
My life forever made of yours a part.

THE SEVENTH DAY

The church-bells are ringing without,
The people cheerfully go
To manifold places of peace
And worship God here below.

Outside the blue sky is clear,
The tall trees wave in the sun;
Sweet calm descends on the town,
The cares of the week are done.

But, my heart, within thee upheaves
The tempestuous conflict with ill;
I fall to the deep abyss,
And tremble with weakness of will.

A WISH

Where the silver lake's expansion
Flashes in the summer sunshine,
I would be and hear the waters
Plashing gently, softly, shoreward.

Here the weariness of labour,
Here the woe of those who murmur,
Crushed by fates untoward and angry,
Darkens all the Time's precedure.

I would rest, and far from anguish
Hear the joyous sounds of summer,
Hearken to the songs that flutter
Through my soul's light-mastered reaches.

Happy those who in the aforetime
Dwelt where skies were yet unclouded,
Where the Future's hollow rumours
Broke not Life's swift fleeting banquet.

LIGHT AS AIR

The words fall from my lips in spite of me,
    I know not why it is,
And so my friends still shun the sight of me —
    Hence all my miseries.

I ever find a fault or flaw in him
Who labours by my side,
Some deviation from the law in him
Who is with me allied.

I never mean to see the worst in men,
But I was born with eyes
That ever catch and see at first in men
What wakens my surprise.

And I am led perforce to utter then
The dark things I have known,
And softly say and dimly mutter then
Faults felt by me alone.

Sometimes dear friends are sundered wide apart
By stories I have told,
Whereat I am dismayed and glide apart,
In sorrow duskly stoled.

I stand alone, for no one cares for me,
Me false as winds that spin,
I cry for love, but what soul dares for me
Rescue from my vain sin?

NIGHT AND SEA

Alone — alone —
And night comes down on the sea.
What has life given me for prize,
Joy of my hands, delight of mine eyes?
Vainly I ask and vainly surmise,
Now that night comes down on the sea.

Alone — alone —
And night comes down on the sea.
Will it be better when all is said,
My dreary winter utterly sped,
The futile grievous salt tears shed,
And the night comes down on the sea?

Alone — alone —
And night comes down on the sea.
I care not much for ill or well,
I seek no tale to hear or tell,
Dark and light hold the self-same spell;
O night, come down on the sea!

UNION

All things are good, the sky is fair,
Fresh blows the rain-cleared morning air,
The grasses laugh, the locusts cry,
With inner joy the tall trees sigh.

The clouds sail fleetly down the blue,
The yellow cornfield girds the view,
The rivulet gleams with early sun,
All life seems bright as though begun.

Away with care, away with fear,
These tumults have no places here;
In this green world where all things smile
Who would with these his soul defile?

O take the hour and omen sweet,
Awhile from work and search retreat,
Let life upfill you to the brim,
And make you part of nature's hymn.

Float down the stream whereon all things
Seek the same goal whose far light flings
A softened radiance like a smile
On their vague strivings all the while.

Forget the rocks, forget the banks,
Forget the current's wayward pranks;
Beyond these shines the infinite sea,
Immersed in which all souls would be.

The windy sea-scents penetrate
This shell of sense and ope the gate
Into the universal life
That rounds with calm our finite strife.

At intervals we know that one
Are all things underneath the sun,
That struggling soul and peaceful flower
Are emanations from one power.

We feel our brotherhood with all
The leaves that laugh, the birds that call,
The clouds that sail, the winds that blow,
The tasselled corn row after row.

O take the hour and omen sweet,
Awhile from work and search retreat;
O take the hour, one moment be
The whole that we call Destiny!

COURAGE

What dost thou fear?
I see nought in all Life's sphere
To make me tremble;
Thou canst not die
Though all the gods their legioned tribes assemble
In martial panoply across the sky,
And hurl fierce darts against thy breast
Invulnerably at rest.

Art thou not master over death,
And laughst to scorn the bitterest word he saith?
Nay, God cannot unmake thee
At risk of his own soul,

Nor with his utmost hatred break thee,
Lest the engirding whole,
Which is his being,
Vanish from thought or seeing.

I fear not man nor God;
I choose the right;
The little pedagogue with switch or rod,
Who governs Hell or Heaven,
His angels or his demons seven,
I have not lot nor share in;
I do mine own desire;
The brief small years of earth to toil or dare in
I shrivel up like flax in my bold action's fire.

Talk not to me of fear;
I spurn the world,
And mysteries eternity enfolds;
Within the expanse of my unceasing Now and Here
I walk the elysian fields with morning dew impearled,
I seize the secrets God's deep bosom holds,
And in my sure reliance
Send down the Universe the cry of my defiance.

SPHERE-MUSIC

Hark! hast thou ears for tones that fall from far
Through spaces of the blue round atmosphere,
Too lustrous-pure to burst the bond and bar
Of heaviness that builds its mansions drear

Around dull minds upon whose eyeballs blear
Falls no lit vision, whom no wonder-sound
Can waken ? — hark! most sweet and low and clear
They fill the air, till the whole heart is bound
In ecstasy too deep for words or song,
  Transfiguring the body's shell to soul
    With corresponding rapture, and all Time
Sunders its vaporous veil of ancient wrong,
  While like the opening of a poet's scroll
    The splendour grows of Life complete, sublime!

WITH A BOOK

In sooth, the touch of your fingers
  Thrills me with subtlest bliss,
The soul of whose memories lingers
  From that moment unto this,
When I look again into your eyes
Where my wondrous sun and stars arise.

I bring you this little book,
  All made up of joy like ours,
Into whose uttermost nook
  Pierces the odour of flowers
That grow in divine Love's secretest place,
And see all day his unveiled face.

Lift up your eyes and gaze,
  My breath is faint at my lips,
I die in those glances' maze

As a star in splendid eclipse
On the waiting breast of the mighty sun
When the brilliant term of its years is run.

COMMONPLACE

Three little kisses in the red corn,
  Three steps from the open door,
And a silver star that shone in the sky
  Shines in its place no more.

Three little sighs of odorous breath
  From beating of the heart,
And a soul that had all souls by its side
  Stands from all souls apart.

What has the wind to say in her ear,
  Out on the barren wold?
And what is the voice of the church bell far
  Sounding across the cold?

Three little steps and under the hedge,
  Icy and leafless, bare,
A shadow totters, dumbly falls,
  And moveless slumbers there.

THE IDEAL

O poor, tired, foot-sore treader of life's ways,
  Beyond are lands of lovely rest,
Unvexed by noise fulfilling these sad days,
  Fair as the storied west.

Not on the wings of white-sailed sharp-keeled ships
  Shall man attain that splendid land;
Under strange suns unknowing dire eclipse
  Paths thitherward expand.

Deep in the soul those buried regions lie,
  Beautiful with dreams dead poets saw,
Wondrous with thoughts hovering one minute nigh
  Some dreamer on God's law.

O sunset island of the Hesperides,
  O golden age made ours at will,
Fierce extreme reach of divine ecstasies,
  Glad summit of God's hill!

O patient toiler, dawn makes sweet the air,
  And fair-faced morning shines at length
For thee wrapt deep in blooms those far fields bear,
  Song-soothed through all thy strength.

VIGIL

Who never doubts but still doth strive,
Though thunder rolls and lightnings rive,
  Shall have sweet peace anon;
But neither backward nor to side
May forward eyes firm-fixed and wide
  Swerve lest their hope be gone.

For ceaseless watch the dim star asks,
And leaves brief time to other tasks,
  But sets on eyes infirm;
Nor to the hours of vigil cold,
And hands laborious and bold,
  Places the wished-for term.

Strong love for that strange watch will grow
Within thy heart as from pale snow
  Of summit bloom of flame;
That novel growth will fill the air
Wherein thy meditations fare
  With light from Heaven that came.

Then wilt thou watch with strenuous heart,
Then wilt thou know the hidden part
  Thy soul in nature plays;
And peace and joy and splendid dreams,
And of the Future wondrous gleams,
  Will fill thy life's lit ways.

REMORSE

I

O the wind and the sea and the sky,
O the darkness, the river, the snow,
O the cry that arose and fell,
O the star that shone, and flickered and passed!

II

I gaze and shudder and hearken again;
The wind through the rattling trees,
The wash of the waters against the shore,
The light on the ship seen through the snow.

III

O the river and the gaping sea,
The fleet dark waters pouring amain
Into that grim and gloomy and vast
Abyss whose secrets no man may know!

IV

What has been done on the shivering verge?
O the sea whose dull moan is a mock,
And the wind that impotent wails,
And the night with never a word!

LULLABY

Sleep, baby, sleep! smile in your sleep!
Back to the splendour realms
Whence, borne by golden helms,
On seas the sun overwhelms,
Into life's night your boat would creep!

Sleep, baby, sleep! smile in your sleep!
For joy of parting is great,
Return makes the heart elate,
Sameness bids bliss to abate,
Sleep, baby, sleep! smile in your sleep!

EN AVANT

Stay not too long in curious thought,
Plunge into act and know
That fate with lesser doubt is fraught
Than your first trepidations show.
Stay not too near the friendly shore,
Trust all upon the instant's throw,
Boldly strike out, and more and more
The waves will calm, the mild winds blow.
Lo! yonder is the isle in sight
Whither your better hopes would go,
And farther, rising from the night,
New peaks within the new sun's glow!

SONNET

In what far land of bliss have you been straying,
What land of low-voiced streams and days all golden,
Faint, heavy-leavèd nooks by none beholden
Save eyes across whose space the fair god playing,
The god of song and fancy's year-long Maying,

With his weird witcheries has given them olden
And rarest power on sights thrice deep enfolden
In his sweet gloom, in what far realm displaying
Faery's hid charms, and unvoiced subtle splendour,
The soul's deep heart made visible, the glory
Of some abode in Heaven's seven-folded mystery,
In what domain of dream, for slow and tender
Your swift sad smiles half tell the rapturous story,
And in your eyes I read the wondrous history.

EPILOGUE

What is it after all?
The play is soon played out,
The tale is quickly told;
Youth makes a sudden fall,
Joy knows a dismal rout,
And the end is knolled.

One stay alone I know,
One virtue to profess,
One comfort to hold fast:
Patience what winds may blow,
Courage what woes oppress,
And sleep at last.

A PARTING

The words that day you spake,
When last for my sad sake
  We met, are far from wrong;
Faith is of slender root,
Its rapid growing shoot
  Hath life not over long.

You could not feel again
What both of us felt then,
  The passion and the love;
From you as far from me
Flown is that ecstasy,
  That earth all heaven above.

It is not well to strive,
For all things fleet and drive
  Adown the self-same stream.
Hold fast the golden hour,
But clasp no ruined flower
  When faded is the dream.

Yea, vain are all regrets,
For life foregoes, forgets,
  An end, an end, to all;
Be free to take and leave,
What time may give, receive,
  But unto nought be thrall.

For faith to faithlessness
Is saddest of distress,
  Be truth's while truth remains;
But pass nor enter more
The bitter threatening door
  Where Falsehood cowled complains.

You know it is but well
That ended is the spell;
  Seek other hopes and new,
Cast no pale glances back
Upon the trodden track,
  Nor what hath chancèd rue.

ADMONITION

Courage, friend, the way is open,
  Tread it without taint of fear,
Farther on the green fields glitter,
  Words are whispered of good cheer.

All the winds are full of voices,
  Every breeze invites and calls,
Every mountain nods benignly,
  Every good begins and thralls.

Only do not pause and falter,
  Onward though the way be cold,
Brave hearts cannot be defeated,
  All things come unto the bold.

SOLITUDE

Forth from the many noises let me pass,
  Under these trees I find my younger soul again,
I hear the soft faint whisper of the grass,
  And sweeter is it than the words of men;
I must forego the weariness of strife,
  The saddening search for things of little worth,
The bitter toils that break the heart of life,
  And clog the sources of the truer mirth.
Let me be freed from all those storms awhile,
  Be glad to watch the light play on the brook,
Bathe myself in the sky's unvarying smile,
  And read again the songs in nature's book;
So shall the day's swift changes bring to me
The olden joys, the lost serenity.

AT THE THEATRE

She sat in her box and watched the play,
  And the miracle of her smile
Was more than the power of verse to say,
  Or the skill of a master's style.

She watched the woes of the heroine there,
  The woes of the artist life,
The father enraged at his daughter fair,
  The child with the home at strife.

The large face spoke of an inner peace,
And a wisdom that clearly knew
How the pictured soul might gain release
From the winds that round it blew.

The words fell softly from her lips,
And over her equable breath
Came like the placid movement of ships
That dreamed not of nearing death;

But in her heart were passion and fear,
Though her eyes made never a sign,
And her accents dulcet and suavely clear
Were calmer far than mine.

Could she forget that the strength was at work
To bring the secret to light
And thrust her amid the horror and mirk
Of crime and its savage blight?

And him for whom she had offered up all,
Body and soul and truth, —
Would the law's delay at last appal,
And show as he was in sooth?

She feels that she stands on the perilous brink,
But her words are feathered with wit,
And seeing her eyes no man may think
That the furies within her sit.

OVER THE LAKE

Soft bends the dim sky round the earth,
  Dappled with fleecy, moving clouds;
There where the golden sun has birth,
  A mist the purple waves enshrouds.

Far off a single white sail speeds
  Into the morning's quivering glow,
Brightening, as farther it recedes,
  With lights that from the sunrise flow.

My thought, my hope, too spreads its wings,
  Seeing the billowing splendours break,
And rises where the whole air rings
  With songs that in me shine and wake.

ON THE HEIGHTS

Bluer the sky and more serene,
    Perfumed the air,
Thin shadows touch the valley green,
    Speed here and there.

The land laughs with the wind and sun,
    The mountains stand
Veiled in the mist by distance spun
    On either hand.

The silence weaves its tender spell,
Sweeter than song,
Around, high up, the soft clouds dwell,
And moveless throng.

Thought's weary stress dissolves in peace,
Care fleets on care,
Life celebrates a new release, —
The dream is fair.

ECHO

Away upon sweet Music's river,
Far, far away,
Bright, led by dreams, my heart forever
Floats and is glad to stray.
When my soul is sad and weary,
And the hours complain,
There all my longings, dark and dreary,
Rise from their care and pain.

Friend's eyes look joyfully upon me,
Their words I hear,
Pleasure again has sought and won me,
Lights in my sky appear.
Freed from the chains of fleeting sorrow,
On the waves of song,
Forward I speed unto a morrow
Pure of the shadow of wrong.

Oft, happy, thus I pass and listen
Unto clear strains,
Which make the eyes unused to glisten
Fill up with short-lived rains;
And the seasons shall not bring me
Anything more dear
Than Music with the power to sing me
Into its nobler cheer.

THE BELL

Ages on ages in the seething earth
You lay unformed and waiting to be born;
Great stars were pouring down such light in mirth
As should the first strong growth of worlds adorn;
The bubbling masses cooled and flamed amain,
The play of forces wrought a wondrous change,
The hissing waters fled the vague vast plain
Watched of some new and mighty mountain range;
Thick grasses flowed unto the firm-based rock,
The race of men trod through the smiling space,
The peaceful murmur rose of herd and flock,
The light grew brilliant in the earth's fair face;
Then they made you, who answered with a sound
That echoed all the grand uprise and round.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

I

It cannot be the sun; out of the sea
A sombre glory rises, and the air
Thrills as with longing; all the landscape fair
Shows weird beneath the outpouring vast and free
Of that mist-clothed effulgence; nor do we
Know whither we are led, save that 'tis where
The dwellings cease of gentle joy and care
And love for what has not yet come to be.

Under the dream-light ever; lo! vague shapes
Tread the smooth lawns and fade monotonous,
And, sailing past far-seen and perilous capes,
Tall ships go forth on quests that have for us
The fascination and the wondrous pain
That they those outland shores may never gain.

II

Farther into the labyrinth; more and more
The dread light brazens, and the songs awake
Of a large woe that sings for pleasure's sake;
Dark ghosts of passions, whose fierce anguish tore
The mad souls of the elder time and bore
Their frenzies toward the dull-starred stream and lake

Where Destiny's multiformed pale blossoms break,
Resume the robes their baffled fantasies wore.

Lo! there beneath the white-flowered almond tree
Clear naked dreams in half rejoicing dance,
And, yonder, many a golden, glittering lance,
Halting in woods a-nigh the sobbing sea;
But through the bitter splendour of the trance,
The moan of death that must forever be.

III

Nay, let me break the languor; from the glooms
Of lust and sin, the strains of palsied fear,
The cries for things that have no lodgment here
Nor in the life that may be, from the tombs
Self-made, and hopes far worse than any dooms,
Let me escape, the prison-house so drear
With the vexed shining and the flaunting veer
Of flames in which the pageant dims and looms.

The enchantment wavers and a wind of fate
Sweeps the wild whirl into the deep abyss;
The clear fields laugh again and small waves kiss
The patient shores; the harvests glow and wait;
The slender smoke-wreaths curl and dissipate
From simple roofs and settled home-bred bliss.

ON THE SEA

Strange is it, the winds and seas take your part;
How dared I pass from your dear eyes?
For the stars shine not upon the night,
And the moon is begirt with thickest cloud,
And the eye of the sun glares fierce in the East
When morning bares the earth to his wrath.
The voice of the winds is in mine ears,
And the sound of the waves is heard in scorn,
And the storm sits throned in the mid-most sky;
How art thou, far one, a natural power
That thy scorn pursues me over the main,
And thy sister clouds jeer in thick rain
The losel who dared to leave thy side?
No more, no more; O winds and storms,
Drive me apace the distance across
That holds me from her; yea, at her feet
I will bow, and lay down all pride of life
To take from her hands what she will give
Of being and hope and joy and breath.

INSIGHT

I heard a voice from the fast darkening skies
Shiver across my hearing the great woe
Of a grim message, that fell sad and slow:
"Let not another lingering prayer arise

From lip or soul; uplift no more your eyes
  Unto the Height where once there seemed to glow
  A Sovereign Mind whom all the spheres could
    know,
Since Changeless Law forbids the vain surmise."

Yet from my heart the eager protest comes:
  "Nay, Sense and Law are not the whole of life,
    I see the realm beyond them, high and clear;
I know firm Faith's convincing martyrdoms,
  I know the Peace which rounds this passing strife,
    I know the Love which rids the world of fear."

LOST

Hast thou seen the wraith of the garden,
  With face so pallid and chill,
And eyes that dare not ask pardon
  For the deeds of a perverse will?

At night when I lie in slumber
  It paces the garden space,
And my dark-skied dreams without number
  Are the thoughts that gloom in its face.

From the deeps of eternal night-time
  It sped to life's wide plain,
And when the sun brings the bright-time
  It finds a seat in my brain.

THE SIREN

O lady fair of the subtle ways,
And voice tremblingly tender,
Delicate with length of languid days,
O star of serene splendour,
Surely your thoughts are soft as silk,
Surely each dream that near you stays
Is whiter than the foamy milk.

Have you a heart that knoweth scorn?
A hope less sweet than roses?
In the pale moonlight you were born,
When bitter fear reposes,
In a clear vale your minutes sped,
Whence banished every sound forlorn
Left space for peace and joyance wed.

Your footsteps like a pure stream pass,
Smooth wavelet upon wavelet,
Your voice's murmurs clear as glass
Show pity your mere slavelet,
Your tears like rain from summer skies
That fall to soothe the thirsting grass
Are pursuivants to gentle sighs.

The roses of your cheeks grow pale,
Your pansy eyes with weeping
Suffuse as on the winds a tale

Its dolorous moan is keeping,
Your slender body shakes with pain
When you must hear how nought avail
Some lovers' bitter strife and strain.

Ah, you are made for stilly nooks
In life's serene seclusion,
Whose windless calm but rarely brooks
The sovereign sun's intrusion,
Whose silver-stepping minutes frame
A paradise of song and books
Untouched by aught of woe or blame.

Your modest-lidded eyes are stars
That lead to lands where passion
Subdues its fire, and raises bars
Gainst hopes life's strength would fashion;
O lady chaste, O fairy queen,
Like drowning sailors clutching spars
We cling unto your face and mien.

What would you have? We are your slaves,
Our inmost hearts adore you;
It is your voice, your look that saves
The souls that bow before you;
What would you have? Your smile or frown
Fills us with life or in deep graves
Sinks our impetuous longings down.

Have you strange words more keen than swords?
  Have you looks cold as winter?
Have you wild songs whose flow accords
  With Circe's lips, imprinter
    Of the foul stain on mortal limbs
Which swells the roll of brutish hordes
    To ease her ever-changing whims?

I cannot fathom your weird spells
  Nor wondrous soul's swift changes,
I gaze with fear upon the dells
  Where your wild bird-thought ranges,
    Lest you feed on sweet, poisonous flowers
And drink the waters of strange wells
    Within dim shadow-peopled bowers.

I see you tread the downward path
  To lands of chillest mystery,
Where Hate within the realms of Wrath
  Sits King of the consistory
    Of bitter Scorns and grievous Pains,
And reaps the dolorous aftermath
    Of Hopes all dead and soaked with rains.

Your smiles are cold as northern ice,
  Your eyes are hard and cruel,
You are adept in all device
  To heap enkindling fuel

On smouldering ashes of dull fires
Whose sinking past all hope and price
Brings rest from woe of fierce desires.

Yea, you can weep at some old song
Of thwarted lovers' anguish,
And the sweet luxury prolong
Wherein you love to languish
Of grief at fabled sorrowing hearts,
But you can do most bitter wrong,
And smile at pangs your skill imparts.

O siren, direr, crueler far
Than those of story olden,
O bitter-boding flaming star,
O splendour ominous, golden,
Why will you haunt our shuddering skies,
Why will you burst the bond and bar
That shields us from your mighty eyes?

Have you no pity on the souls
Who struggle in the prison
Your smiles have built, and round which rolls
The moan of woe arisen
From hearts of men in the dead years,
From hearts across whose winter tolls
The passing bell of falling tears?

O all ye in the ages past
Who have borne the heavy burden

Of bitter love chill smiles could blast,
  Who bore for love's sweet guerdon
    Scorn's biting cold and storm of hate,
I call upon you thus at last
    This poisonous spell to dissipate.

O legions of the happy dead,
  O dwellers in the spirit,
O you unto the joyance wed
  Which we, who flutter near it,
    And then are thrust back to the abyss,
Hunger for though all hope be fled,
    Help us in war on woe like this.

O all true lovers hear this cry
  Out of my depth of sorrow,
Be unto my sad need anigh,
  And fill my changing morrow
    With your consolements sounding soft
Above the place wherein I lie,
    And bear my soul to you aloft.

Bring all true hearts unto that place
  Which is your golden dwelling,
And through the clear miraculous space,
  All bitter thoughts expelling,
    Floats that high song of blessedness
Which shines in true love's eyes and face
    And moulds in tone love's each caress.

Unto that garden bring not near
  Her who has much to answer,
But hold her far until her fear
  Have power to disentrance her,
    And from her solitude arise
Her anguished heart's deep voices clear
    In longings for love's paradise.

When she hath purged her of her sin,
  And found her deep-self wearied
Of her perfections, bring her in
  From her hours dull and drearied,
    And once again let her soul know
How fleets the time which those hearts win
    Who never anguish others so.

There in that realm of light and blooms
  Shall be the unbroken pleasure
Which is true love's; all bitter dooms
  Passed through their due and measure,
    She too redeemed and by the star
Whose tenderness allures, illumes,
    Held with great strength from pain afar.

SONGS

I

Upon the sea of your eyes,
  Like ships upon the sea,
I watch your swift thoughts rise
  With a passion of rarest glee.

The moon is lord of the sea,
  Its waves are slaves to that power;
Oh, would I forever might be
  Your soul-sea's moon from this hour!

II

Although your eye most heavily lidded is,
    You cannot hide
The secret of Love's sweet cupidities,
    I know my bride.

Although your low words are mysterious,
    I catch their sense;
No more my brow shall be most serious,
    My joys commence.

Although the tremulous spring belated be,
    Warm days will come;
Not long the singing birds unmated be,
    Nor cold benumb.

The goal is near for which we striven have,
O love, O sweet,
I know that you my fear forgiven have,
And sad defeat.

Behold the earth with flowers engirded is,
The time is here;
And now my love most subtly worded is,
Morn's lights appear.

III

Rose-bud, rose-bud, bloom apace,
Linger not so long;
Singer, singer, shed the grace
Of your silver song.

April, April, pass in rain,
Leave the year to May;
Sorrow, sorrow, burst your chain,
Youth should still be gay.

Wave, O fleet wave, fall in glee
On your lover-shore;
Moon, O pale moon, touch the sea
With your heart's white core.

Wind, O swift wind, seek your nest
In the lofty pine;
Bee, O wild bee, you are blest
Where your blossoms shine!

Love, O glad Love, what would you
Have your servant say?
Rise, O sun, across the dew,
Bring the golden day!

ASYMPTOTE

Heart of my life, shalt thou ever be far from me,
Parted by all the body's space,
O that the form that fashions the bar from thee
Love or some god might wholly displace.

As the swift days and the nights pass over thee,
Nearer thy heart my bowed heart climbs,
Closelier now do mine eyes discover thee,
Surer with thine my deep thought rhymes.

O that some fate might shatter the chains of us,
Setting our souls more free than the air,
Changing to joys the bitterest pains of us,
Making us one past severance of care!

UNEXPLAINED

I loved her well, I loved her true,
Her smile was my life's purest star,
She ruled in every thought I knew,
She led my soul from earth afar.

Her touch upon my hand was fire,
  Her eyes were all my sun and moon,
And at her word my fierce desire
  Fell into form and numbered tune.

I know not how, but so it came,
  That our souls sundered, swept apart,
I sought but found not whose the blame,
  Nor what divided heart from heart.

I only know, one day it fell,
  She spoke some words quite faint and low,
And I beneath a wizard's spell
  Answered with a quaint smile and slow.

I had no skill to render clear
  The anguish that fulfilled my soul,
But from that day, to my great fear,
  A bitter change upon her stole.

Therefore I walk my life alone,
  We have not met for year and day,
And night that should with lights be sown
  Surrounds me with unstarred dismay.

INDRA, GOD OF THE SKY

Indra, my Indra, hearken to me,
The night fleets by from the gradual sea.

Indra, my Indra, the sun leaps forth,
The great sky flushes to south and to north.

Now the deep blue glows stainless above,
The clouds speed on, swift angels of love.

Indra, O god of the round wide sky,
Sitting enthroned and light-girdled on high,

Master of worlds and centre of song,
Bid the pure clouds bear my message along.

Over her dwelling hover and bend,
Into her heart your radiance send;

And if you can, make her the more wise
In the clear gentleness filling your eyes;

But if so far she has gone in that lore,
Not even you can lead her forth more,

Hitherward cause her to turn her pure gaze
Mixed with your own unvarying blaze,

And fill all our souls with that purity high
To be kindred with her and the God of the Sky.

THREEFOLD

Youth paints the new advancing years
In tints of ruddy fire,
And all the future fair appears
With hope and strong desire.

The middle mind makes Time's wings black,
How slow his clipped advance!
And dull the rain-swept darkling track
Where shone Joy's earlier dance.

But latter knowledge clears the skies,
A day that has no night,
The insight on whose calm arise
The truths forever bright.

All life lies open, glad, serene,
The mysteries unfold
Into the love whose ardour keen
Clothes every hour in gold.

MOLL PITCHER

Battle of Monmouth, 1777

Where the thickest smoke of the battle rolled,
And the whistle of bullets rang sharp and clear,
Beside his piece the old gunner stood

And sighted and shot devoid of fear.
Such havoc his unintermittent play
Had made in the ranks of the angered foe,
They had charged and charged on his little hill
But still he had parried their every blow.

With his blackened hands and his grimy face,
And his eyes aflame with a purpose dread,
His lips set firm in a changeless smile,
Like the smile in the face of a strong man dead,
He laboured all day at his terrible toil,
He laboured all day with a terrible joy,
And watched his death-winged messengers fleet
On their fatally swift and savage employ.

Beside old Pitcher his sturdy wife
Had stood and braved the brunt of the fight,
And her passionate words had nerved his heart
To a grimmer, more resistless might.
Like his soul incarnate beside him she stood,
And the words that welled from her fearless breast
Seemed the very thoughts that rolled through his brain,
And made up his being's truest and best.

All day from the clear bubbling spring hard by
Her unwearied hands the cool water had brought,
All day with her eloquent words of cheer
Her unwearied soul on the soldiers had wrought,

Till the fire of her spirit had seized on them all,
  Till they fought as only strong men can fight,
Aroused from the sleep of their daily life,
  For the highest they know, for the just, for the
    right.

In the afternoon, when the fight was hot,
  And the desperate foe gathered all his strength
For a final attack that should end the fray,
  And give him his dear bought victory at length,
The fate-sped bullet clove sharp through the air,
  And buried itself in brave Pitcher's brain,
And dead at the feet of his wife standing near
  He fell without time to speak or complain.

What time had she then for her private grief?
  What time had she then for sorrow and tears?
She crushed in her heart all womanish pain,
  She cast to the winds all womanish fears,
And rushed to his side, and snatched from his hand
  The blackened swab, then silent and bold
Set herself to her task till across the field
  The flaming thunder of the cannon rolled.

Through the rest of the fight, till the twilight fell,
  She sighted and shot devoid of fear,
Though the smoke of battle grew thick and dun,
  Though the bullets whirled round her sharp and
    clear.

There dead at her feet her husband lay,
And dead in her heart lay the joy of years,
And glazed in an anguish, frozen and fierce,
Unshed in her eyes shone the bitter tears.

O my country! a hundred years ago,
The love of you in all hearts flamed,
Till the enemy back from our cities and fields,
Crept to his lair, defeated, ashamed.
And we, their children, whose lofty deeds
Like brave Moll Pitcher's built up our land,
Are called in a fight more difficult far
Beside our cannon unflinching to stand.

O my country women! the anguished time
Bids you sight your cannon and boldly fire,
Till oppression and wrong that infest our land
Are shrivelled in the blaze of your noble ire,
Till licensed injustice is hurled into flight,
Till unabashed plunder is hidden from view;
O my country women, shrink not from the fight
Wherein our country has need of you.

FREEDOM AND THE WEST

Across the fierce and rolling sea
Came Freedom, strong and peerless;
The storm shook earth and bent the tree,
She stood serene and fearless;

She raised her banner to the sky,
  She called her sons around her, —
Before her, broken, shivered, lie
  The chains that once had bound her.

She heard through many bitter hours
  The voice of loud complaining,
She felt the growth of nobler powers,
  She saw the gloom was waning.
No child of hers but should awake
  Into a Nation's gladness;
The whole world's goodness was at stake,
  The conquest of old sadness.

She comes the victor from the fight,
  She stills the angry murmur;
She holds aloft the blazing light,
  Her life grows firm and firmer.
She bears within her all the past,
  She calls unto her table
All men, and bids them make at last
  The reign of Peace most stable.

ON A BOOK OF POEMS

(To E. C. S.)

Once again the olden
  Joyance blossoms fair;
Once again the golden
  Accents thrill the air;

Once again we listen
To the mellow strain,
Gaze where song-waves glisten
On that music's main.

Clear as erst the message,
Voice as nobly true,
Sweet the wondrous presage
Of the dreams we knew,
Dreams that with the magic
Of that singing rise,
Sweeping every tragic
Cloud from off our skies.

Realms that light has builded
Song has ever known,
Seas that joy has gilded
Verse has ever shown,
And the gentler Muses
Here again have sent
What no heart refuses
Of hope's blandishment.

THE WESTERN MUSE

In the space that is not space,
In the time that is not time,
I saw an Idea fair,
And free as an unused rhyme.

How shall I speak in words
  Which limit and which bind
The form of the high Thought,
  How bring the Shape to mind?

Pure and noble she is,
  With forward looking eyes,
Eager, and strong, and large,
  Clear as the stainless skies.

Where shall she find a home?
  She gazed on the stormy seas
That beat on a rock-bound coast
  West of the Hebrides.

She sped across the main
  And paused where the rivers fair
Break in the golden light
  Under the mountain air.

Gladdened she paused and looked
  Across the prairied expanse,
And something softer passed
  Into her mighty glance.

There she descended and dwelt,
  A presence, a power, a strength,
And the hearts of all men knew
  Her touch upon them at length.

And some with souls more akin
  Saw her more deeply and well,
Found their lives mix with hers
  Under her potent spell.

These spake for her aloud,
  Uttered her messages new,
Clothed her subtlest high dreams
  In Beauty bright as the dew.

Heart of the growing West,
  Lady, noble, divine,
Lay your spell on the land,
  Make all its spaces shine!

Temple and picture bright,
  Poem and Music sweet,
Come forth at her command,
  Worship at her dear feet;

One of the Angels high,
  That rule all the sister lands,
One more gracious might
  Binding in golden bands

Nations and speeding times,
  Full of a love most rare,
Knowing that each man is best,
  And all the world is fair.

FOR A CHILD

Miss N. C. G.

My dear little friend,
These gentle words I send
With my best love unto you
To whom I am ever true.
May you read in the cards
Good luck and light,
And sleep without dreaming
Through every night.
I am one of those bards
Who pierce through the seeming,
And know that my words
Are carrier birds
From the realms of truth
To your all expecting youth.
So my wishes flow
In a deepening stream of goldening glow.
May you never fail to see
Red ripe apples on every tree;
Ride in the very strongest boat
When you chance to be afloat;
Hear no song that is not sweet,
Never dance with tiring feet;
Always have a friend beside you
Whatsoever fates betide you;

Know what dreams and music tell,
Richer far than fairy land,
When you rise unto the spell
Of their guidance mystic, grand;
All the silver stars be kind
To your winsome happy mind,
And your dear eyes ever see
Lands as fair as Arcadie!

THE MOUNTAINEER

O mountaineer, O mountaineer,
What means your song so heavenly clear?

Surely your inmost heart must know
The voice which lures us upward far,
Rich tones which from the sunrise flow,
And accents of the evening star.

Nay, rest you here, nor longer stray
Beyond the confines of the day.

But something holds me to the search
Past village bound and home-like cheer,
Beyond the lessening oak and birch,
And gliding rivers, smooth and dear.

Yet there is danger where you tread
And lonely is the mountain's head.

I cannot rest until I see
  Pure of the mists that wander here
The glitter of the waters free
  And waves that ever move and veer.

What profit in the distant sight,
Or strength which comes from that rare light?

A message from the outlands far
  Across those heaving waves shall glide,
Mystic, and from a nobler star,
  Close to your deepmost soul allied.

Can you not hear beneath the boughs
Whose silence every tone allows?

Ah, through your boughs there ever go
  Faint echoes of your toil and life,
Dim, sad reminders of the woe
  Which comes from anger and from strife.

Will you return from your strange quest
Into the valley's peace and rest?

I shall return when I have heard
  The song upon the mountain's brow,
Sweeter than notes of any bird,
  Finer than aught that guides me now.

What of the voice you long to be,
Can that do aught for you or me?

The message from the nobler star
  Shall fill my song with meaning sweet,
Whose strength shall burst the bond and bar
  Which hold slow Good's yet lingering feet.

Lo! how the snows are white ahead,
And many a wanderer there lies dead.

If I shall fall, another soul,
  Stronger and larger far than mine,
Shall hear the music's thunder-roll
  And see the gradual golden shine.

It cannot be of sure avail
And you like all the rest will fail.

Some day the message and the song
  Shall fill the world and make it clear
That nought than these can be more strong,
  And nought than these can be more dear.

THE END

Block, L.J.
Many moods and many minds
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